

The Outlook

JUNE 20, 1923

THE BRYAN-SMITH DEBATE ON PROHIBITION

THAT the Democratic party is neither wet nor dry, but divided between the wets and the drys, has been dramatically shown by the newspaper debate between William Jennings Bryan and the Governor of New York, Alfred E. Smith.

It was the New York "Times" which put five questions to Mr. Bryan:

1. Will prohibition be a leading issue at the next Democratic Convention?
2. What strength will the wets and drys be able to command?
3. Do you believe prohibition will continue to be an issue in National politics?
4. What effect has Governor Smith's action on the Cuvillier Bill had on the National situation?
5. What of his assertion of State rights in connection with his action?

Mr. Bryan evidently thinks that the wets have little chance to control the Democratic Convention and that the drys will be strengthened by the votes of Democratic women. This is in substance his answer to the first two questions. To the third his answer is that the issue which the wets raise is simply law *versus* lawlessness. What the wets ask for, according to Mr. Bryan, is not the repeal of the Amendment, for they know that would be hopeless, but for an unconstitutional

law. To the fourth question he says that the effect so far of Governor Smith's action in signing the repeal of the State Prohibition Law is to put the friends of prohibition on their guard. To the fifth question he answers that New York's anxiety for States' rights is absurd in view of New York's own history and in view of the support which prohibition has received in the South, the traditional home of the doctrine of States' rights.

Governor Smith replies to Mr. Bryan chiefly by poking fun at his first four answers and then responding in detail to his fifth answer. What he emphasizes in this is his claim that the Volstead Law is hypocritical in placing one-half of one per cent as the limit of alcoholic content above which a beverage intoxicates. "Nobody with an ounce of brains believes that," says Governor Smith. Congress refused to amend the Volstead Act in response to New York's request, and Governor Smith insists that the State had a right to repeal the State measure which enforced the provision of the Federal law against which it had protested.

What Governor Smith ignores throughout his whole reply is that the Constitutional Amendment establishing prohibition does not make it a subject for exclusively Federal legis-

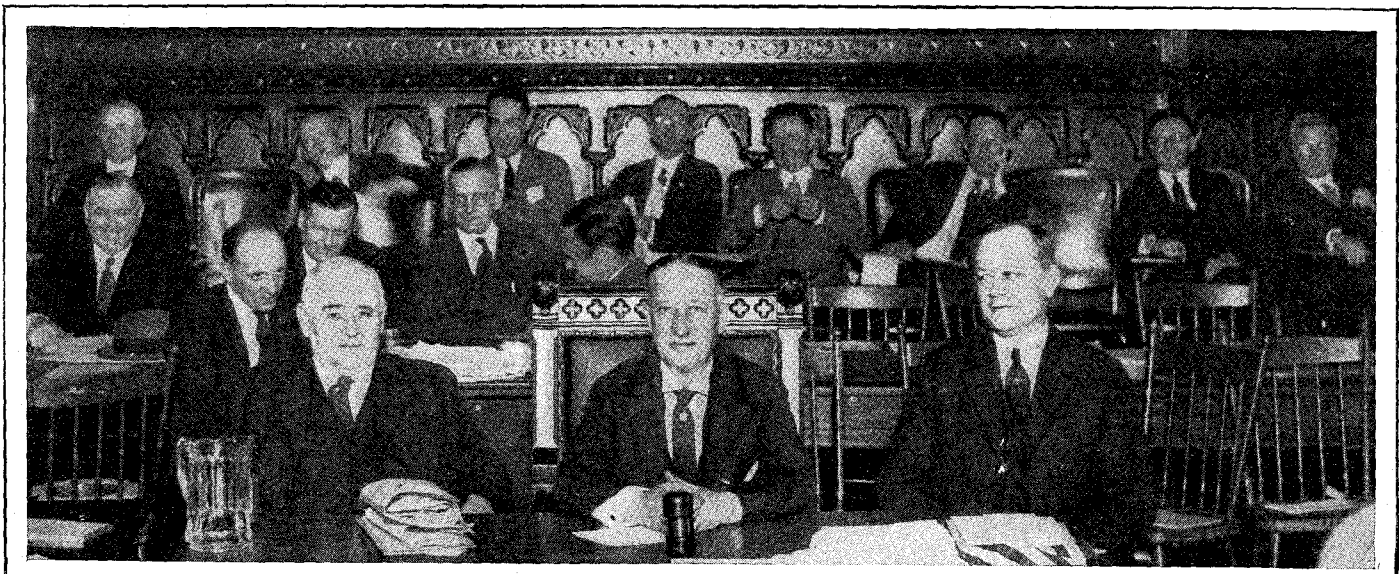
lation, but places responsibility for legislation on that subject also upon the States.

Meantime, while this political debate has gone on, the facts reported from various cities and by the Federal Prohibition Commissioner indicate that the enforcement of prohibition has been becoming increasingly effective.

ADVERTISING AND INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP

THE nineteenth annual Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, held the first week in June at Atlantic City, New Jersey, was tinctured with an international flavor by the presence of a delegation from Great Britain consisting of one hundred and fifteen persons interested in advertising and publicity. Accompanying these British representatives were advertising agents from Australia and India, the former having undertaken a journey of 12,000 miles, spending approximately five weeks in each direction, for the express purpose of attending the Convention.

The British delegates were given prominent places on the programme, and the international note was struck in nearly every address both by Americans and British. The programme was an unusually interesting



Keystone

GOVERNOR SMITH, OF NEW YORK, SIGNING THE MULLAN-GAGE REPEAL BILL AT ALBANY, NEW YORK. JAMES A. PARSONS, COUNSEL TO THE GOVERNOR, AT THE LEFT; GEORGE R. VAN NAMES, THE GOVERNOR'S SECRETARY, AT THE RIGHT

one. There were both general sessions and departmental sessions. Among the subjects discussed in the departmental conferences were photo-engraving, or the use of pictures in advertising; retail shops; church advertising; community advertising; financial advertising; theater advertising; public utilities advertising; and the relation of education to advertising. The Convention met for organization on Sunday, June 3, and Sunday evening at various churches of Atlantic City there were special services with advertising men as speakers.

It may be said, we think, that the development of advertising as a profession based on psychology, science, and art, with a code of ethics as high-minded and exacting as that of lawyers or physicians, is a production of American industrial life. It is certainly one of the good things that "chasing the almighty dollar" has produced. Advertising men are the liaison officers, so to speak, that bring, not only the separate industries of each country, but the industries of various countries together. The thought was presented by various speakers at the Convention that the getting together of men actively engaged in the promotion of business, and concerned in its success, will do a great deal for the betterment of international relations, possibly in some ways even more than the contact of Government officials, who are necessarily more or less detached from the normal commercial life of their respective countries.

The visiting British delegates, who crossed the Atlantic on the steamship *Berengaria*, attended on the evening of their arrival a dinner in New York at the Hotel Pennsylvania, at which were present several hundred American advertising men. The delegates will visit Philadelphia, Washington, and other cities while in this country, and they constitute what is said to be the largest delegation of representatives ever sent from Great Britain to America on a business mission. The Convention quite properly had a technical and professional function, but it was a good deal more than a mere business-getting conference; it was really an international gesture.

ON BEING A NEIGHBOR

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, in New York City, has set an example which in spirit ought to be followed in churches throughout the Nation in city and country alike.

On a drizzly evening in May a

crowd of five or six thousand people gathered in and about this church for what was called a parish party. There was nothing sold, except refreshments at cost; there was no appeal for money, or for church attendance, or for the support of any particular cause. There was just an assemblage of human beings gathered together to enjoy one another's presence and the color and the brightness and the music. The church, facing the midtown East Side open space known as Stuyvesant Square, was the host, and these people were the church's guests, coming together to practice neighborliness, good understanding, and mutual acquaintance and respect. In one corner was the Seventh Regiment Band, in another the New York City Police Band. Here was a May-pole, there a folk dance. The streets were decorated and illuminated. And amid it all stood the church, the benign, spiritual friend of all.

To some who went there the scene appeared like a picture taken out from the best of the life of the Middle Ages, when the Church was the source of all that was good and hopeful as well as all that was solemn and true in life.

This parish party is a very different thing from what many churches practice. It was not an attempt to compete with the movies or the theaters or the dance halls, to entice people into church. It was not bait thrown out to attract fish into the church's net. It was the natural expression of one side, and an important side, of religion. Indeed, it was evidence that here in this church at least religion is conceived, not as a part of life, not as something that is added to life, but as life itself related to what is best and highest for which men can hope and toward which men can aim.

It is not possible for a church to do this sort of thing unless it is in its spirit to do so. It is in St. George's spirit to do this sort of thing because for years it has embodied the spirit of neighborliness, that spirit that is exemplified not only in the parable of the good Samaritan but in the practice of the teller of that parable, who found himself naturally joining in festivities. Under Dr. Rainsford, its former rector, and now under Dr. Reiland St. George's has practiced what in New Testament times was called the Kingdom of Heaven, and what would have been called if the New Testament had been written to-day the Community or

Commonwealth of Heaven. It has not been contented to describe a community of heaven in the future, but has undertaken to do its part in establishing one in the present. And so it has come naturally to this plan of bringing its people together, as it were, in a family celebration.

It is not likely that any other church can do just exactly what St. George's has done; but there is no reason why every other church may not have St. George's spirit, which is the spirit of St. George's Master.

AUTHORS AND MOVIES

THE author of a drama of true literary art would hardly consent, if it were produced as a "speaking play," to have it clipped here, inflated there, and generally "jazzed up" at the demand of whoever painted the scenery or planned the light effects. He would yield in unessentials, but on serious issues his rights would be considered. But in the screen world usually the author, although he has legal rights, helplessly takes a back seat because he knows nothing about moving-picture production.

The recent attempt in New York to get authors and producers to understand one another was a good thing. It cleared the air. The meeting was called by Mr. Zukor, a powerful figure in the moving-picture world, and had the approval of the Authors' League of America as a move in the direction of "a definite plan to advance the artistic and cultural standards of motion pictures."

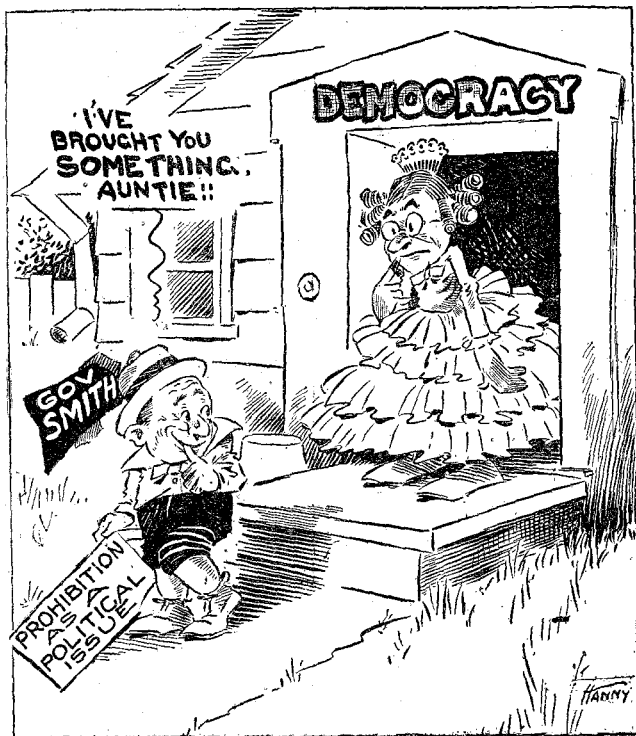
One stimulus for the production of usable literary plays came in Mr. Zukor's liberal offer of an annual prize of \$10,000 to be awarded to the author of the best story produced upon the screen and exhibited publicly in a theater during each year. The decision is to be made by the Authors' League, but the donor suggests "that the League appoint a jury which will include in its membership the president of the Authors' League, a newspaper editor, a novelist, a dramatist, and a producer actively engaged in the production of motion pictures." Presumably not a skeleton scenario but a finished literary work suitable for screen representation is what is desired.

The best suggestion made at this "international congress" was that authors should not wait to have their novels tortured into film form, but should write original work directly for the screen and after a study of the

I WILL MAKE IT FELONY TO DRINK SMALL BEER

(2 Henry VI, Act IV, Scene 2)

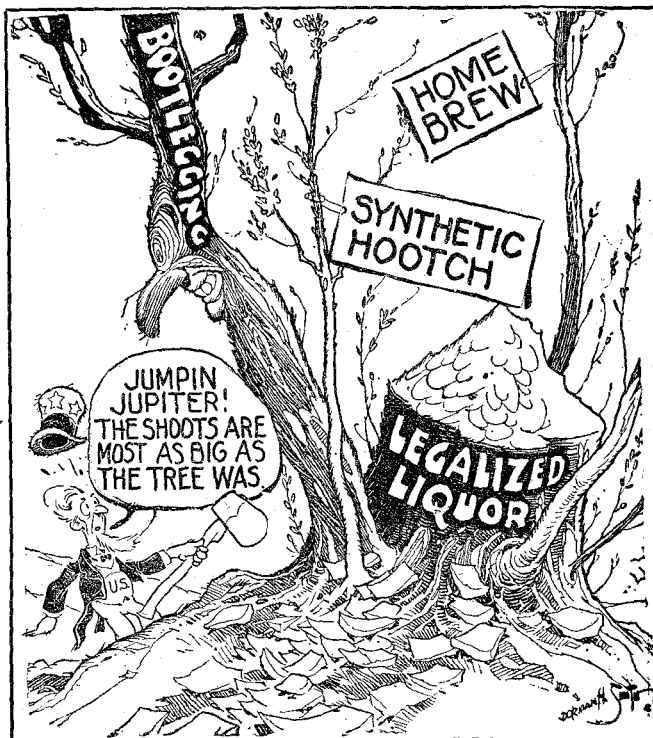
Hanny in the St. Paul Pioneer Press



BRICKBAT OR CANDY?

From W. K. Collier, St. Paul, Minn.

From the Daily Telegraph, Quebec, Canada



THE LIVEST DEAD STUMP WE EVER SAW

From R. B. Ross, Jr., Westmount, Quebec

Donahey in the Cleveland Plain Dealer



HERE GOES!

From Mrs. J. F. Jackson, Cleveland, Ohio

Darling in the Buffalo Evening News



WE'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES THAT ARE HAVING TROUBLE WITH THE THREE MILE LIMIT

From J. B. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

science and art of the screen. Meanwhile we know of no law compelling authors to allow their literary work to be made ridiculous. Yet we find at this congress the well-known novelist Mr. Basil King saying, "I should like to feel clearer in my own mind as to whether we poor authors, who are like so many sheep, can be led by the nose anywhere and by anybody." On the other hand, there was quoted the case of one American novelist, Mr. Rupert Hughes, who directs as well as writes his picture plays.

Of course the fiction writer who expects a picture play to give his book, the whole book, and nothing but the book, knows little about the subject. There have been some exceedingly good pictures made from novels; the lamentable ones have generally been so, not because of not getting enough of the book in, but because action and unity were clogged by screening too much of the book. The dramatizing of play or novel for pictures is really a special art, and in time specialists will develop for this kind of work.

As things are now, it seems to be the authors' best policy to maintain actual control of their rights and to refuse consent to contracts that are not conditioned upon their approval. There will be fewer novels butchered then; but also there will be fewer authors selling their rights out and out for hundreds of dollars and then uttering despairing groans when they see the plays.

PIERRE LOTI

THE author of "Madame Chrysanthème" and "The Iceland Fisherman" died on June 10 in the Basque home to which he was so greatly attached. He was of Huguenot descent and long ago had prepared for himself a tomb on the Isle d'Oléron, near Rochefort, where he was born, and not far from La Rochelle, famous in history for the siege that ended in the grant of liberty of worship to Huguenots.

As most readers know, "Pierre Loti" was a pen-name; the writer's name was Louis Marie Julien Viaud. Naval service was his vocation, literature his avocation. He served in China with the French fleet, was decorated for gallantry and made a Commander of the Legion of Honor; and also took an honorable part in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1. During the recent World War he wrote a book denouncing the Germans for their brutality and inhumanity. As coming from a



THE ROOSEVELT GOLD MEDAL FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE, DESIGNED BY JAMES EARLE FRASER

writer of the romantic and languorous school it was a surprise in its merciless logic and invective.

In the choice of scenes for his romances Pierre Loti roamed wide. Wherever the glamour of the exotic and the racially romantic elements existed or left historic traces the author found his material; Japan, Algeria, Tahiti, Brittany, India, Turkey, and other remote or unusual *locales* figure in his tales.

Pierre Loti has been compared with



Photograph by Koshiba

LOUISA LEE SCHUYLER, RECIPIENT OF A GOLD MEDAL OF THE ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

Lafcadio Hearn, but Hearn went much deeper into the psychology of mind and heart. Pierre Loti's charm was largely in local atmosphere, in his love for the beauty of the sea and the mystery of nature. The two books we have named are best known to American readers because they have stronger character depiction and finer recognition of human tragedy than any of his other works. "The Iceland Fisherman" in particular is imbued with the sincerest sympathy for the people he describes. It has had over one hundred and fifty editions.

Generally speaking, Loti was a poetic impressionist, without the dramatic fire of a Hugo, or the charming humor of a Daudet, or the realism of later French writers. Naturally, when he stood opposed to Zola as a candidate for the Academy, the battle of the realists and the impressionists (one could hardly call Pierre Loti an idealist) waxed hot and bitter. Zola was defeated, but had the good sense not to resent Pierre Loti's attack, in his address before the Academy, upon him and his school as compared with that of Octave Feuillet, to whose chair Loti succeeded.

A just estimate of Pierre Loti's quality was that made by a writer in this journal when Lieutenant Viaud visited America about ten years ago: "He paints with a sensitive and delicate brush the appearance of things. His work has no rootage in any soil. It is wholly lacking in ethical constructive-ness; it floats on light wing over the deeps of life; its meaning lies on the surface as completely as his interpretation of different countries lies on the surface. His diction is remarkable for its descriptive quality; and he has the gift of steeping his stories in elusive melancholy—a melancholy which comes from the passing of older and more picturesque habits—with an entire absence of any sense of the profounder meaning of life."

THE AWARDS OF THE ROOSEVELT MEDALS

IN April the announcement was made by the Roosevelt Memorial Association that it proposed to award annually three medals for distinguished public service in fields of activity in which Theodore Roosevelt felt a strong interest. Just what those fields should be was reserved for decision and later consideration.

The first award of these medals has just been made; and quite appro-

priately the three fields selected are: practical betterment of living conditions; that preparation against war which constitutes the strongest guaranty of peace; and scientific research. Surely all these were things Roosevelt had close in mind and heart.

The recipient of the medal for improvement of living conditions was Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler, a great-great-granddaughter of General Philip Schuyler and a great-granddaughter of Alexander Hamilton. She is now eighty-six years of age, and her noble effort in behalf of the welfare of women and children has been universally recognized.

Equally suitable is the choice of General Leonard Wood as the recipient of the medal for aiding the preparation that leads to peace. As the award stated: "Side by side with Colonel Roosevelt, and at great personal risk, by tongue and pen, he led in the creation of a public opinion which finally brought about the military preparation he regarded as vital to the Nation's highest interests."

In the realm of science the award was given to Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, whose work Roosevelt knew and highly valued, for his research into the problems of the origin and development of the human race.

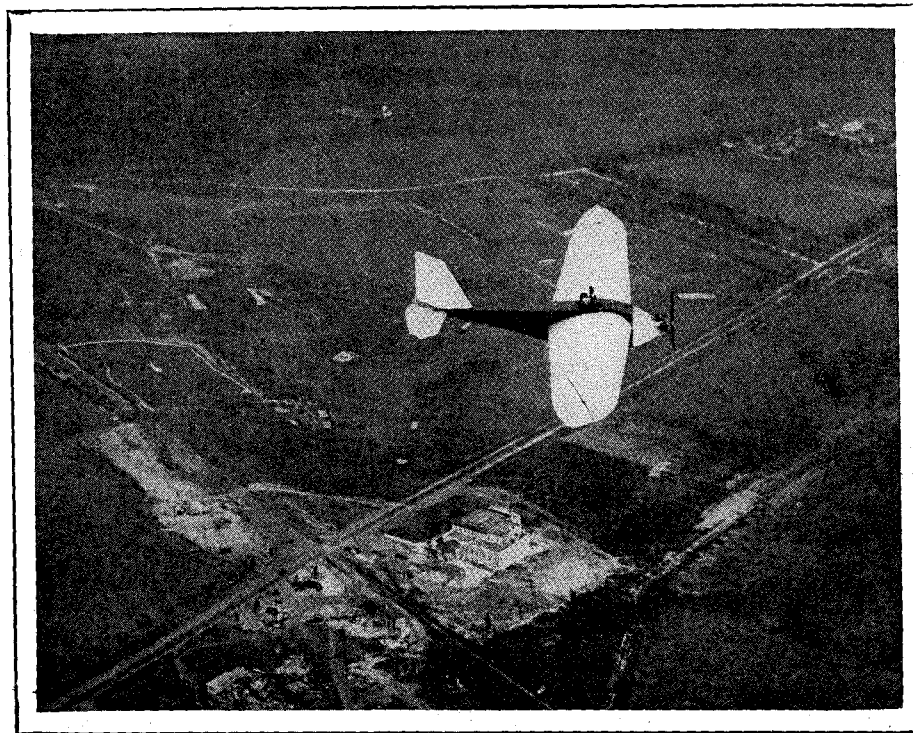
The awards take the form of medals of gold designed by Mr. James Earle Fraser and bearing, together with the portrait of Roosevelt, the inscription, "If I must choose between righteousness and peace, I choose righteousness."

Thus this form of honoring Roosevelt's memory begins with fitness and has met wide approval from the public at large.

RAILWAY EARNINGS AND RAILWAY RATES

PASSENGER fares and freight rates on the railways are too high for comfort. They were raised to allow the railway companies to pay expenses and to secure necessary capital. As soon, however, as possible, they ought to be lowered. How soon will that be? Some facts about the prosperous condition of American railways may indicate an answer.

More railway cars, for example, are now being loaded with revenue freight than ever before in history at this time of year. This statement was recently made by R. H. Aishton, President of the American Railway Association, before the Inter-State



P. & A. Photos

BARBOT'S "FLYING FLIVVER," AS IT APPEARED BEFORE THE UNFORTUNATE FLIGHT WHICH RESULTED IN ITS DESTRUCTION BY SOUVENIR HUNTERS

Commerce Commission. In view of the authoritative character of speaker and audience, it can be regarded as accurate.

From January 1 to May 12, inclusive, Mr. Aishton said, 17,029,946 cars were loaded with revenue-producing freight against 14,278,847 for the same period last year and 13,311,555 during the corresponding period in 1921. For the week of May 12, the latest for which figures were available when he testified, loadings lacked only four per cent of being the greatest on record for any one week at any time of year. He looks for a continuation of heavy business, seeing only a possible shortage of labor as a hampering factor.

Though Mr. Aishton did not discuss the question of earnings, it is a fact that most of the railways are making decidedly larger net profits than at any previous time for years. April earnings, made public by the Inter-State Commerce Commission, indicate that most of the large roads have rather liberal net earnings.

The Erie, which showed a deficit of nearly \$2,000,000 for April last year, had a net surplus for April this year of \$744,797. The Rock Island showed a net operating income of \$913,611, as compared with \$546,297 for April last year. The Burlington's net income for the month was \$2,425,005, against \$1,198,000 for April of last year, an increase of more than one hundred per cent. The Michigan Central did

nearly as well—\$2,104,119 for April of this year, as compared with \$1,206,327 for April last year. The Central of New Jersey did considerably better than either of them. Its net income for April this year was \$663,538; for the corresponding month last year it was \$286,507. The showing of other roads is equally good.

These rather spectacular increases in net earnings have already started speculation in Washington as to whether or not the time is ripe for a reduction of freight and, possibly, of passenger rates. The present high rates have been borne, impatiently, by the public as necessary to restore the railways to a sound earning basis. Now that the roads are apparently on such a basis, pressure for reduction may be expected. Though the Inter-State Commerce Commission has made no announcement on the subject, it is regarded as extremely likely that reduction will be considered within the next six weeks or two months.

SOUVENIR LEAVERS AND SOUVENIR HUNTERS

ON Sunday, May 10, Father Knickerbocker started on a still hunt for those objectionable members of his family who had been scattering lunches and newspapers over his parks. He gathered in several hundred, who, we trust, were appropriately lectured and fined. The impounding of these messy folk took place in New York, but the citizens of New York

are not the only ones who offend by littering up the landscape.

It seems to be a very general American habit to leave a trail of disorder behind us in our journeyings, and if the offenders are taken to task they too often become grossly offensive. Any city or town which conducts a drive against the paper scatterers ought to have the heartfelt thanks of every intelligent citizen.

We are not only a nation of souvenir leavers, but we also frequently show ourselves to be a race of souvenir hunters, and in our hunting we are none too nice in our regard for property rights.

A few days ago a French aviator came to this country to demonstrate a remarkable machine of his invention, a low-powered airplane which half flew and half glided its way across the country at an incredibly low expense. It made one trip of seventy-five miles on one gallon and a half of gasoline. After this successful adventure, it started from New York to Washington, and met with a mishap which forced it to the ground outside of Philadelphia. In the descent the machine was slightly damaged, but not irreparably so. Left to the custody of onlookers, the press reports that it was torn to shreds to afford the foolish bystanders with souvenirs. Monsieur Barbot will be forced to return to France without his machine. The story is not a pleasant one for American readers to peruse. The retelling of it in France will be of no help to our reputation.

GERMANY'S LATEST

GERMAN offers for the payment of reparations seem to be following the course of the German mark. They are progressively approaching worthlessness with every repetition. The latest offer, delivered to the Allied Associated Powers on June 7, could not have been issued by the Cuno Government with any expectation that it would prove acceptable. It distinctly avoids any reference to the one condition which the French have clearly and repeatedly stated to be the prerequisite to any further negotiations with Germany on the subject of reparations—namely, the abandonment of Germany's resistance to the occupation of the Ruhr. Inasmuch as the French hold the Ruhr as a guaranty, they are not going to weaken their position by accepting paper promises for other guaranties.

It must have been, therefore, for the purpose of impressing people in

America and England chiefly that Germany sent out her latest note. In this she offers to throw open to inspection all her financial records and furnish information about her commercial and industrial resources. She proposes that the assets of her state railways be held apart as a security for annual payments on the reparations account; that the entire business, industries, banking, trade, traffic, agriculture, of Germany be subjected to a first mortgage; and that customs on imports other than necessary, the excise on tobacco, beer, wine, and sugar, and the receipts of the spirits monopoly be pledged as further security. The German Government has not fixed any definite sum even as a minimum, but repeats her suggestion that the reparations sum be determined by an international body.

As estimated by the German Government, these pledges provide annual payments of about \$300,000,000.

It is reported that American officials see in this offer a basis for negotiations; but apparently see no inconsistency in maintaining a policy of inexorable firmness for the payment of the Allied debts. We believe that America is right in being firm; but we cannot imagine why America should not expect France to be equally firm.

There are some indications in this offer that the German Government is beginning to realize that it must recognize the necessity for providing tangible guaranties; but certainly it has offered none that have the value of what France holds now. As a consequence the German Government has incurred the wrath of the irreconcilable militarists and Junkers in Germany without appreciably gaining any credence in France and little in Belgium or England.

AUSTRIA AS AN EXAMPLE TO GERMANY

ALTHOUGH Austria never fell quite so low in the moral estimation of the world as Germany did, she lost all credit. Her currency became practically as worthless as Russia's. Her economic future seemed to be as desperate as any country's could be. Yet to-day Austria's credit is good enough to enable her to borrow \$175,000,000 by the sale of 7 per cent gold bonds at 90.

What has enabled Austria to do this has been the abandonment of a position of mendicancy and the institution of a programme of internal reform.

The Austrian Government has eliminated sinecures, transferred extravagantly conducted state industrial enterprises to private management, reduced the number of state employees, and increased direct taxation. It is true that in this process of reform Austria has had the invaluable aid of the administrative services of the League of Nations; but she has brought about the reform herself, and is not a mere passive subject in the hands of an international body of politicians. She has stopped her absurd inflation and has abandoned political ambitions and schemes for getting something out of nothing. It is not many months ago that Austria was whining like Germany and declaring that she was without resources or hope of self-help. The Austrian Government discovered that whining did not help its country, and now Austria has not only stopped her whining, but has actually begun to take pride in what she has and what she can rightfully expect. The Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs in an article some weeks ago in the New York "Evening Post" put forth Austria's claims for credit, which sound very different from the old claims for pity. He enumerates the iron and steel of Styria, wealth in timber, hundreds of splendidly equipped factories, a network of banks, and, what is even more than these, a position on the Danube, a railway system which is necessary for north and south and east and west traffic in Europe, and, above all, a hard-working, frugal, and temperate population, intelligent and likable. And he even claims, not as liabilities, as they were represented a few months ago, but as assets, Austria's spacious capital, Vienna, and her glorious Alps.

Germany has already fallen as low in financial and moral credit as Austria did. Perhaps, having followed Austria's course downward, Germany some day may have the sense to follow her example upward. It is doubtful, as Mr. William Atherton Du Puy, an American intimately connected with the League of Nations, has pointed out, whether Germany can command enough faith to enable the League of Nations to do for her what the League has done for Austria. Perhaps, however, some of the German states, acting independently of Berlin, and thus breaking away from the vicious Prussian tradition, might do as Austria has done. At present, however, Germany's attitude is such as to command neither respect nor faith.

THE GERMAN PLAN TO BURN LONDON AND PARIS

THE assertion that the German military staff formed in 1918 a plan by which it hoped to strike terror into its enemies through the destruction of Paris and London by fire has documentary and official support. Mr. Stéphane Lauzanne, the editor of the well-known Paris newspaper "Le Matin," presents the known facts in special correspondence from Paris to the New York "Tribune." He quotes directly from Ludendorff's memoirs a passage which states in so many words that "a particularly efficacious incendiary bomb" had been manufactured in large quantity. The authorization to use this form of bomb evidently had been given by the German Government, for Ludendorff states that the authorization was withdrawn in August, 1918.

But what was the reason for its withdrawal? Simply that the war had gone so definitely against possible German victory that, as Ludendorff himself says, the destruction "would no longer have any influence on the course of the war." It is characteristic that the German general finds it necessary to explain that the destruction was not ordered for its own sake.

The editor of "Le Matin" supplements this cool statement by Ludendorff, which does not appear to have attracted general attention, by quoting the statement of a French officer of the General Staff, Major F. de Castelnau. Search of official war documents has brought to the attention of this officer the fact that the German military command had long sought for a form of bomb suitable for the purpose of general destruction. It was essential that the bomb should be small, because many would not take effect but would fall in open spaces or fail to explode. Now, as the attack could be made only by a limited number of planes, and each could carry only a limited weight, it was necessary to combine great incendiary efficiency with a decidedly small size for the bomb itself. This scientific problem had been solved early in 1918. The bomb is said to have weighed only two pounds and its envelope was of magnesium; intense heat resulted, so that it would even explode under water and throw ignited metal at a distance. If the description is exact, it was truly a diabolical invention.

The statement is made that planes were already loaded with the bombs when the order to abandon the enterprise came, that in fact fifty planes, each carrying four hundred of the

small bombs, were at the very point of attempting an incendiary raid on Paris when the countermand arrived.

This is a strange story, but it seems to be supported by positive evidence. Germany decided at the last minute not to add the use of this new marvel of destructive science to the long list of charges against her of atrocious methods of making war. Perhaps it is to her credit that at last she discovered frightfulness alone to be bad policy.

A SUDDEN SHIFT IN THE BALKAN GAME

A BLOODLESS revolution in the bloody Balkans has caused more alarm than many a battle. From October, 1919, until the early morning of June 9 the Government of Bulgaria was in the control of the peasants, and at its head was a man of peasant origin, Stamboulisky. This Government was, however, more than a peasant government. It was anti-German and anti-Turk. It came into power as a protest against the policy pursued by the former King, which made Bulgaria, along with Turkey, a vassal of Germany. Now this Government has suddenly been overthrown.

The change has come about, not by any election, but by force, and yet without bloodshed. At three o'clock in the morning members of the Cabinet were arrested by army officers, and a new set of Cabinet Ministers took their places.

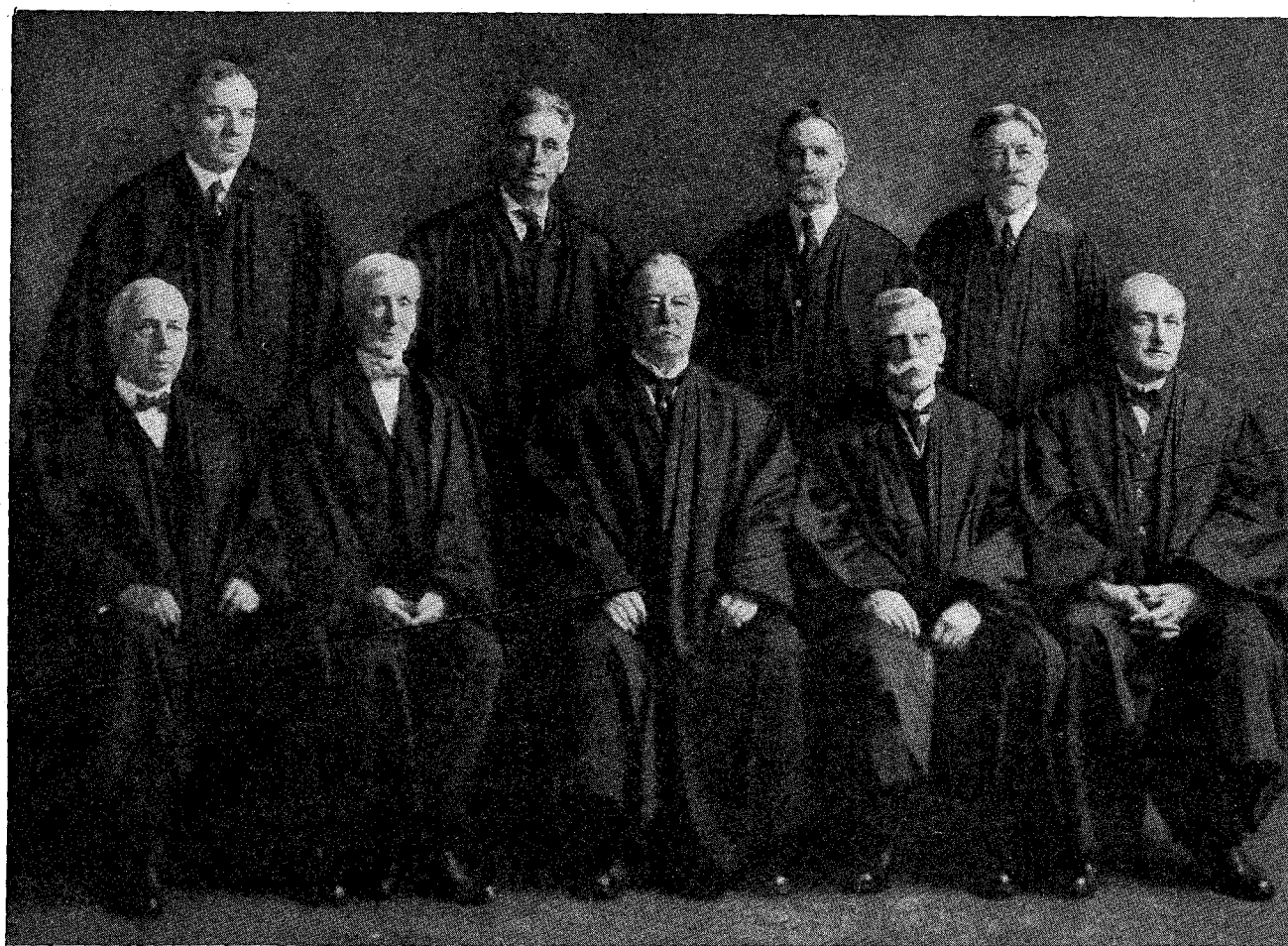
It is too soon to tell whether this *coup d'état* is significant simply as an "incident in the internal life of the country," as the new Government declares it to be, or whether it will have great significance in changing the balance of power in the Balkans. If, as some observers fear, this is a reaction to the former Bulgarian policy, a defiance of the Allied Powers in consequence of their feebleness in dealing with the Turks, it may mean a new conflict, with consequences difficult to foretell. It may, as one correspondent suggests, be the natural result of the arrangement made by Veniselos with Turkey, and may conceivably renew the possibility of a Balkan federation. There are elements involved in this revolution which seem at some points contradictory.

The peasants are not apparently acquiescing quietly. Within twenty-four hours there were agrarian uprisings against the new Government. Yugoslavia is watching the situation with some anxiety, and the diplomats at Lausanne have reason for some concern as to what may follow.

THE SUPREME COURT AND PUBLIC WELFARE

BY two of its recent decisions, one invalidating the National Child Labor Law, the other invalidating the Congressional act establishing minimum wages for women, the United States Supreme Court has aroused a spirit of protest throughout the country. So great has this protest been that the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court has seen fit to take notice of it. In a speech on Memorial Day Chief Justice Taft, who, by the way, voted with the minority against invalidating the Minimum Wage Law, defended the Supreme Court against the attacks upon it. He reminded his hearers that the Court had become in the past, as at present, "the stormy petrel of politics," and cited in particular certain events which followed the attempts at reconstruction after the Civil War. The Court at that time had, for example, "refused to recognize the power of the President in time of war to direct a military commission to try for treason and sentence to death a civilian in a State not invaded by an enemy and where the civil courts were functioning." He recalled the fact that at that time proposals were made to limit the right of the power of the Court to declare laws invalid by a majority, and even to abolish this power of the Court altogether. As the Chief Justice said, the Court has survived these storms.

Nevertheless it must be recognized that the recurrence of these storms cannot be accounted for purely by partisan or temporary popular feeling. At present, in particular, the protest is due to the widespread opinion that recent decisions of the Court have been contrary to the tendency, not only of the best thought on modern social and industrial legislation, but of the course of the decisions of the Court itself. Society to-day is not the same society under which the Constitution was erected. Certain interests have become highly organized, and, if unchecked by law, would inevitably become tyrannical. The factory system has developed opportunities for the exercise of arbitrary power. For the defense of individuals against this organized power there have been enacted laws which would have been unthinkable in earlier days, because they would have been wholly unnecessary. It has been important, therefore, that the courts should keep abreast, not only of the development of legal ideas, but also of the development of social



(C) Harris & Ewing

THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES

Seated, left to right: Justices Willis Van Devanter, Joseph McKenna; Chief Justice William Howard Taft; Justices Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Clark McReynolds. Standing: Justices Pierce Butler, Louis Dembitz Brandeis, George Sutherland, and Edward Terry Sanford

ideas and social facts. Where courts have failed to realize that there are elements in contracts which did not enter into the contracts of a hundred years ago they have not served the ends of justice, although they may have applied what they believed to be immutable principles of law. It is impossible in this space even to indicate what this development has been. Those who desire to acquaint themselves with some aspects of this development would do well to look at such a book as W. Jethro Brown's "Underlying Principles of Modern Legislation."

Enacted to meet the new industrial conditions, such modern legislation has for the most part been designed to equalize the contest between the individual, on the one hand, and organized interests, on the other, and to place at the service of the individual the power of the State for the protection of his rights.

In Great Britain Parliament is the sole judge as to whether such legislation is in accordance with popular liberty. In this country, on the other hand, certain principles for the de-

fense of the people against possible excesses of their own representatives have been embodied in written Constitutions. These Constitutions are the supreme law in their respective fields, and it is the plain duty of the Court to uphold the supreme law against any inferior law, no matter how praiseworthy the object of the inferior law may be. The difficulty has arisen in the inability of certain types of judges to realize that the supreme law is flexible and that principles are not rigid canons.

In order to prevent the injustice which follows an inflexible interpretation of the Constitution, particularly by court decisions rendered by a majority of one, several remedies have been proposed.

One of these remedies would require that no Congressional act could be declared unconstitutional except by a considerable majority, as six to three or seven to two. There are several objections to this remedy. One of them seems to us complete. It has been expressed by John W. Davis, former Ambassador to Great Britain, who points out that this would erect

into a principle the practice of minority rule. Under this remedy a small minority would be able to prevent a law from being declared unconstitutional, which amounts to giving power to establish the validity of a law to a minority. This is a wholly wrong principle, and the objection to it should be regarded as decisive.

Another remedy proposed is that Congress should have the right to overrule a decision of the Supreme Court by repassing the law with a two-thirds majority. The objection to this, it seems to us, ought also to be decisive. The reason for a Constitution is that the people wish to have it as a legal protection against the errors or arbitrary will of their own representatives. If the Constitution itself can be interpreted by the representatives of the people, the Constitution is deprived of the reason for its existence. To put it in a familiar form: It is as if two athletic teams in contest with one another could by vote override the decisions of the umpire. If the Constitution is a valuable document, it should not be invalidated by a violation of its own principle. If it is not

a valuable document, it should be abandoned altogether and not reserved as a meaningless institution. We do not think that the American people are ready yet to abandon their Constitution either directly or indirectly.

Another remedy, or series of remedies, consists in the proposal to overcome a decision of the Court in each case by Constitutional amendment legalizing what the Court has disapproved. This has been proposed in the case of the Child Labor Law. It is likely to be proposed in the case of the Minimum Wage Law. The difficulty with this is that, if followed consistently, it would fill the Constitution with statutory provisions, and would to that extent change the Constitution from an embodiment of principles to a collection of laws.

Much less radical than these proposals is that which was made several years ago by Theodore Roosevelt. He suggested that when any State law was invalidated by a State court the people should have a right to pass upon the interpretation of the Constitutional provision applied. This suggestion was called at the time revolutionary, and yet it was not in any case a violation of the Constitutional principle. If it had been adopted, it would have enabled the people, in whose name and by whose authority, and for whose protection the Constitution was enacted, to decide what their Constitution meant. Instead of leaving to the people's representatives, against whom they needed protection, the authority to determine what the extent of that protection should be, it referred that authority back to the people themselves. This proposal was not intended by Mr. Roosevelt to apply to National statutes interpreted by the Federal Supreme Court, but was limited to State laws interpreted by State courts, and by its very limitation was rendered feasible. Although it could be applied equally well to Congressional statutes interpreted by the Federal Supreme Court without in any way violating the principle of a Federal Constitution, but rather protecting that principle in making it effective, it would be in practice cumbersome as applied to a law of National scope.

There remains one remedy which seems to us possible and in accord with our American conception of popular rights and Constitutional law. This is the enactment of an amendment to the Constitution providing that in any case in which the police

power of the State, invoked for the general welfare and public health, comes in conflict with Constitutional provisions for the maintenance of property rights, the police power shall be supreme. In particular, this amendment should also provide that in cases in which a State, exercising its police power for public health, was placed at an economic disadvantage because of its police regulations, Congress under its authority to regulate inter-State commerce could enact whatever legislation was necessary for the protection of that State against unfair competition by prohibiting inter-State commerce in goods manufactured in violation of the police regulations.

In our judgment, even such an amendment would be quite unnecessary if all judges realized the flexible character of our Constitution and the injury that had been done to the prestige and influence of our courts by the failure to adjust their decisions to modern conditions of life.

THE BROAD-MINDEDNESS OF WETNESS

WETS have frequently characterized themselves as belonging to the liberal element. They have denounced prohibitionists as violators of personal liberty, and announced themselves as the only Simon-pure examples of men who desired to call their souls their own. With this in mind, we take the liberty of republishing parts of several letters which passed between the President of Berea College, that admirable institution which has done so much for Americans lost in the back eddies of our civilization, and a certain gentleman who shall be nameless. The man is, of our knowledge, a wet of National prominence. This gentleman had contributed generously to the support of Berea, and in that course of human events with which every college president is familiar, Mr. Hutchins, as head of Berea, wrote to him, asking for the continuance of his contributions. Our wet friend replied that there was no need of trying to impress upon him the usefulness of the work that is being done at Berea, but that before he could continue his contributions he desired a frank answer to a frank question. He wrote:

I have never had the pleasure of meeting you personally, do not know what type of man you are to be at the head of a college, whether you are broad-minded, narrow-minded, or

what. I therefore deem it best, before answering your letter positively, to simply write you and ask whether you are a prohibitionist or not.

Am frank to say there has been so much paternalism and suppression of the rights of individuals in this country, that I have made up my mind to discontinue any contributions to any institution of any sort whatever, the head of which is a prohibitionist.

In reply to this direct question he received an equally direct answer, in which Mr. Hutchins gave the facts of his career, beginning with his service as a Brooklyn pastor. He wrote:

In Brooklyn the worst enemy of personal and family life I found to be the saloon which was then on the corner of Nostrand Avenue and Fulton, and its companion saloons on almost every other corner. In Cleveland and other parts of northern Ohio I found my chief enemy to be the same. I have been therefore against the saloon first, last, and all the time. For myself I have not been able to see how the saloon could be eliminated from our social life without the elimination of the manufacture of intoxicants. It may be that light wines and beers could be manufactured without serious detriment to the country, but I greatly question it.

So long as the law is on our books I believe it ought to be enforced at any cost. I have no criticism of the man who does his best to repeal the law, but I shall do my best to oppose him.

Now I suspect that in all this you and I disagree. Now let us see upon what points we may agree. We agree that the greatest need of America is Americans who are loyal, and who have a certain religious reverence for American ideals. In our Southern mountains there are three million under-privileged men and women, boys and girls, every one of them a straight, pure-blooded American—that is, there are as many of these people as there were colonists who fought Great Britain at the time of the Revolutionary War. I think we are agreed that about the best investment of life or money is an investment in the boys and girls of this stock who may one day save us from going the road to chaos. I am putting my life into this job, and I should like mighty well to have you put your money into it.

In due course of time Mr. Hutchins received from the secretary of our wet friend a note, the heart of which is contained in the following sentence:

Mr. —, however, has very set rules in regard to his contributions, from which, under the existing conditions, he feels that he can not depart.

Perhaps there is some American (who is also a dry) who will be willing to make good the loss of this wet's annual subscription to Berea College; or perhaps there is some wet (who

also happens to be an American) who will feel called upon to make good this loss out of respect to the liberalism of his cause. There is no obligation upon any man to continue his philanthropic support to any institution, and Mr. Hutchins would be the last to put forward a claim for support from an unwilling giver. But there are reasons for a supporter dropping out. Some of those reasons are good. Some of them are very bad indeed.

YOUTH AT THE MYSTIC SHRINE

FOR the greater part of a week men in red fezzes owned the Nation's capital. They could not have enjoyed more completely their sense of ownership if they had had titled deeds to the whole city of Washington, including the White House itself, locked up in their safe deposit boxes. Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, all of them either Masons of the Thirty-second Degree or Knights Templars, they hung symbols of the order borrowed from Islam along Pennsylvania Avenue and named it the Road to Mecca, they erected Egyptian columns opposite the State and Treasury Buildings and named the inclosure the Garden of Allah, and they lined both the Road to Mecca and the Garden of Allah with that most democratic non-Islamic symbol—the grand stand.

Washington has seen many ceremonies and celebrations, but none like this. Its population was increased by fully one-half. Its usual routine was quite dislocated by organized jollity.

Part way across the Pacific came Shriners of Aloha Temple, Hawaii, several hundred of them. From the Northwest those of Nile Temple, Seattle. From the opposite corner of the country those of Mahi Temple, Miami, Florida. In the Union Station the red fezzes of the visiting nobles met their only rivals, the red caps of the railway porters. With the name of a temple embroidered above the signs of the scimitar, crescent, and star on the front—Mecca (of New York), or Ararat (of Kansas City), or even menacing Nemesis (of Parkersburg, West Virginia), or any one of scores of others—the red fez with its dangling black tassel seemed symbolic of a conquering Moslem tribe subjugating to its merry service, quite free from all implication of the alternative of massacre, the amazed occupants of the



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PRESIDENT HARDING AS "NOBLE WARREN G. HARDING OF ALADDIN TEMPLE, COLUMBUS, OHIO," IN THE SHRINERS' PARADE AT WASHINGTON. IMPERIAL POTENTATE JAMES S. M'CANDLESS AT THE RIGHT

seat of Government in the greatest of Republics in Christendom.

They even captured the President, claimed him as a member of the tribe, and for the time being put him in the ranks as Noble Harding of Aladdin Temple; and when he dedicated the Zero Milestone, which marks the point from which road distances in the United States are to be calculated, they surrounded him and made the ceremony a part of their own celebration.

For the benefit of these visitors, automobiles bore the device, "Hop in, Noble." And from a casual glance at the automobiles which crowded the streets one could see that many Nobles must have hopped. Last year at San Francisco the invitation to the Nobles was to "Climb in," and there and then they climbed. Does this mean that as they journey eastward these brethren of Oriental leanings find their actions becoming more exuberant, or does it mean that as they grow older they grow sprier?

With wives and sisters and daughters, these American men—mature, prosperous, energetic, doubtless accounted among the leading men in

their several communities—proceeded to take possession of the District of Columbia. And why should they not? Is it not their District as much as anybody's? If they wish to hang their symbols up and down "the Avenue" and tie their camels to the White House fence, who are we to say them nay? A member of the Masonic order has written to us protesting against the festoons of glaring electric lights arching "Pennsylvania Avenue, majestically conceived by Washington to connect 'the Congress House' and 'the President's House,'" and against the practice of making a "carnival avenue of this highway, certainly conceived otherwise by George Washington, himself a loyal Mason." He makes clear that his letter "is in no sense intended as a criticism, direct or implied, of the secret order which is thus celebrated;" that it is a "very definite criticism of any or all of the Governmental authorities who have permitted wholly illegal things to be done and wholly undignified things to be done in the National capital." He makes the constructive suggestion that provision for ceremonial occasions in Washington be made as per-

manent "as are the seats in the Yale Bowl or in the lovely open-air theater in Berkeley, California." Another correspondent of The Outlook contrasts the flimsy decorations put up for temporary use with the "superb and moving pageantry" recently staged in that same city by the American Institute of Architects in celebration of the first anniversary of the dedication of the Lincoln Memorial.

There are many kinds of tastes in this country of ours. Americans who prize freedom must sometimes be willing to bear with the free expression of taste that is not theirs, while undertaking to train it in the way it should go. In an aristocratic land the people can be told what they should enjoy; but here if they are told they need not listen—and they usually do not. They are willing to learn, but they prefer example to precept. And

in Washington itself, with its mixture of noble buildings and ramshackle hovels, the people have not yet a permanent example such as Washington and L'Enfant planned.

Fortunately, wooden grand stands and streamers and electric-light festoons are ephemeral. What we hope is not ephemeral is the jocund spirit of youth, of which this Shriners' celebration was a typical American example. For those days, in the midst of a hot wave which furnished ample excuse for lassitude, these thousands of grown men divested themselves of their cares and responsibilities and played the boy. They dressed up with all the spontaneity and joy of children; they paraded in costumes that were colorful in daylight and sparkled with small electric lights at night. They reveled in band music. They enjoyed the maneuvers and races of military and naval airplanes, learning

thereby some lessons of National defense to take back to their several communities; they made pilgrimages to historic shrines; but in everything they were not so much the spectators at the circus as they were the circus itself. It was a charming woman of Washington, observant, perspicacious, witty, equally acquainted with the Old World and the New, who characterized this annual gathering of the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. Is it democracy, she was asked, seeking a substitute for the trappings of monarchy? No, she thought not. It was rather America's spirit of youth; for these Shriners, she pointed out, did not come to Washington to receive an impression so much as to give one. And she summed it up with this *bon mot*: "In Europe the Government entertains the people; in America the people entertain the Government."

SOME POINTS IN THE TURKISH SITUATION

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM CONSTANTINOPLE

BY ELIZABETH WASHBURNE WRIGHT

TURKEY to-day represents approximately some 7,000,000 people—as does the city of New York. It has no money. It has no navy. Its army is exhausted with much and recent fighting. And yet the Western world—roughly some 200,000,000 people, possessing everything which Turkey lacks, the victors of a World War—are waiting tamely acquiescent for Turkey to act. It is true that the Turk has taken advantage of the appalling lack of unity shown by the Allies and their apparent disinclination to fight. But it must be obvious that some other element, something totally out of the ordinary, has entered into the present situation.

The Turk stands low in the estimation of the West. His contribution so far to civilization has been of the minutest. His friends, who are few, and his enemies, who are many, agree on the whole as to his qualifications. He is an admirable fighter in times of war. In times of peace he is a tiller of the soil along primitive lines; and the peasant is honest and willing and kind. But religion has made of him a fanatic and a merciless foe. His mental processes are recognized by all as slow. He has constructed nothing. He has left no imprint of spiritual or intellectual thought upon one of the most beautiful cities of the earth. He has effaced and demolished where he could, but he has added not one stone or one thought to the land of his

adoption. Like the hermit crab, he has crept into the shell of another race and he is not to be dislodged.

The very machinery of his existence is in the hands of alien races—the Greek, the Armenian, and the Jew—whom he equally despises and persecutes, but without whom his machinery would cease to function. He is fearful and suspicious of the West, and with perfect justice, but without the West he could not subsist. A few short months ago he was cringing on his knees. To-day the world waits on him, hat in hand. His problem is paradoxical at every turn. And he has withdrawn to distant Anatolia to commune with his Turkish soul, which is rent by new and bewildering emotions.

The West, likewise bewildered, is also thinking—in anger and bitterness it may be—but its hand is held by the prescience of some new and powerful element that has suddenly entered into the situation. The Turk and European are alike in the clutch of forces infinitely greater than either. Beneath all superficial manifestations this is apparent. The problem of Turkey has passed from the hands of individuals and nations; evolution has entered into the design—and the ponderous swing of the pendulum, which is once more bending towards the East.

The Turk as Turk may hold a poor place in the minds of men, but the Turk viewed from the wider perspective

of evolution demands greater consideration. It is this new perspective which the war precipitated and is now being forced upon the world for recognition.

The poor and meager contribution of Turkey in the past gives little promise for a future of brilliant accomplishment, but accomplishment is relative. Therefore the effort on the part of Turkey to organize, to stand alone, though clumsily executed, should be held not less than a superior demonstration on the part of a nation with a more constructive past. It is the desire and attempt that must go to the account of nations as to individuals, not the complete achievement. And it is this new spirit of initiative which is stirring to-day in the East from Siberia to the banks of the Bosphorus, in part feebly and inarticulately expressed, but which nevertheless the West dare not check—which, as a matter of fact, it cannot check.

It is this forward movement, this renaissance in the East, with which the West has suddenly been brought face to face. And, for some inexplicable reason, to the slow and clumsy Turk has devolved the duty of delivering the message.

Though outwardly arrogant and flushed with recent victory, the sober-minded Turk is at heart bewildered and oppressed with the burden of his responsibility. But the group of conservatives in Angora is small—and

their task stupendous. They deserve consideration in their effort to control forces which if released or left to the direction of powers making for disruption will threaten the world once more with conflagration. Fanaticism reigns in Angora. The fall of Smyrna, with the victory over the Greek, has assumed a significance out of all proportion to its importance. It has given to the new Government isolated in Angora an extravagant and undue sense of their own strength. It has fired them to resist the world, and has made the work of the few men of perspective in their midst infinitely more difficult.

The problem of the Turk is prodigious. It has fallen to his lot to attempt a perilous balance. If he isolates himself from contact with the West, which fanaticism urges, he defeats with one stroke the object for which he strives. In his case independence and dependence are inseparable; and we return once more to paradoxes. But has he the strength to retain his present initiative, and at the same time the wisdom to understand that the assistance without which he will fail can be procured only by granting to the West those concessions or guaranties of security

upon which in Turkey's present state of development all practical contact with the West must depend?

The problem therefore confronting Turkey is not what she aspires to be, but what she is actually capable of becoming. And this is the identical problem that confronts those other countries of the East in which a similar spirit of new freedom is stirring.

And yet they have before them an admirable example—which they would do well to follow—of an Eastern nation which, while still retaining its individuality and initiative, was ready to recognize its limitations and before attempting to compete with Western standards was eager to co-operate and accept instruction. Nor did Japan free herself of Western tutelage until she was competent to stand alone. She forestalled foreign criticism and interference by effectively providing against them. When other Eastern countries can show a like capacity in directing their own destinies, the West will automatically accommodate and readjust its manner of contact.

But this does not free the West of all responsibility or condone for its many omissions of the past. It was never in the scheme of things that the West should dominate the East for

material ends. Nations are but pawns in the grasp of some elemental force which for some design undecipherable by men has ordained a rhythm making for a higher order of civilization—a rhythm with its initial beat in the East, then bending towards the West. As the West first drew light and inspiration from the East, and for a period of ensuing centuries developed a civilization based on material things, contact between the two was again ordained that the balance be sustained.

In the conflict for domination in the East this truth is indisputable only so far as the efforts of men have coincided with the original design; only so far as the West has contributed a higher order of justice and well-being to the East has its reign endured. With a weakening sense of responsibility and growing selfishness, its grasp has inevitably weakened and finally been cast aside.

The destinies of East and West are to-day inextricably interlocked. And if out of the confusion order is to ensue it is imperative that men should grasp the problem which confronts them in its complete perspective, not, as in the past, in broken and isolated fragments.

Constantinople, Turkey.

AN ITALIAN CROMWELL

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

IN the old days Rome had dictators. Rome again has a dictator, one Benito Mussolini.

So far he has avoided a number of the things that led to the downfall of Marius and Cæsar. His course, however, resembles theirs less than it does Cromwell's; he even may be called an Italian Cromwell.

His course resembles Napoleon's hardly at all, although he himself has a rather Napoleonic look. Some one, I am sure, must have told him so, for certain seemingly imitative lightning glances and certain gestures supposed to be like the Corsican's add to the gayety of nations and to the jeers of a few critics.

Like Napoleon, Cincinnatus, and some other dictators, Mussolini is a short man. He is a very robust person nevertheless; you almost seem to see his muscles under his clothes.

His forehead is large and bulging. His eyes are black and snapping. His nose is straight. His mouth is large and sharply marked, but when his lips are pressed together they have a way of projecting a little in front, which gives their bearer a pouting and rather sinister expression. His chin is massive enough, but has a Teutonic suggestion.

In his black shirt Mussolini must

have made an appropriate head to his black-shirted Fascisti. Yet were you to see him in mediæval dress you might easily take him for some old Venetian *condottiere*, and were he to don a soutane he would make a very proper-looking priest. As it is, he now generally wears an afternoon coat befitting a statesman of our day.

His present position is a far cry from the days when he helped his father in blacksmithing, when he helped himself by working as a mason's apprentice, or, still later, when he became a Socialist agitator and of such an anarchistic sort that Switzerland had to expel him.

For over an hour, some days ago, I sat but a few feet away from Mussolini, and so had a chance closely to observe him. During that hour he made a speech to us, and it was peculiarly interesting, as showing the long road he had traveled towards the light of reason from the black unreason of his earlier days. But still more noteworthy was the man's manner while the others were making speeches. He paid the orator of the moment the compliment of giving him entire and earnest attention. Mussolini did not miss a word of what was being said. He fastened his lustrous eyes upon the speakers as if he were

some bird of prey, waiting to catch them in an unfortunate word or phrase which he himself might later use in revenge, or at least in opposition.

That afternoon he did not, apparently, put on any airs. His manner seemed quite simple. It did, however, betray the feelings of a man entirely conscious of his own identity and full of confidence in his own worth—convictions of course really compatible with an absence of the "big head." A listless listening might have indicated that "big head," or a merely patronizing manner in Mussolini's own delivery or in his coming and going. Not so. Nothing could have been more seemingly straightforward than both appearance and manner.

As Mussolini speaks one expects a certain causticity of phrase. As a matter of fact, I did not notice that feature. What one finds in all the Mussolini speeches is not so much any satire or destructive commentary as a perfectly plain statement of fact and a considerable constructive criticism. For instance, take one of his first pronouncements after arriving at power:

We are a people of forty millions, full of vitality and of needs. All our problems are dominated by that of an ever-increasing birth rate in a



Wide World Photos

PREMIER MUSSOLINI OF ITALY GREETING KING GEORGE OF ENGLAND ON THE LATTER'S VISIT TO ROME

territory too small to contain it. . . . Let the dead lie under their dusty tombstones. I respect antiquity, but I tell you frankly I do not often go into museums, because I have to busy myself with the great material questions coming to a fecund people and I have no time to dream in the kingdom of the shades. Let us love Italy, but let it be the present Italy of the Italians in flesh and blood.

And later—this time to the steel workers of the Milan Acciaierie Lombarde:

The Government over which I have the honor to preside cannot and will not be an anti-labor Government.

When I was twenty years old, I was working with my hands and earning my living as a day-laborer. I tell you this, not to enlist your sympathy, but to convince you that I am not, and cannot be, an enemy of the laboring man. I am an enemy, however, of those who, under the cover of grotesque and false Utopias, try to mystify workmen and lead them to their ruin.

This broad hint refers of course to Socialism. Mussolini continued:

You will be able to convince yourselves more by our acts than by our words that my Government intends to be guided by three leading principles. First, the idea of the nation—for the nation exists and cannot be ignored. Second, the need for production—for to produce much and well is not only in the interest of capital but also in the interest of the workman. Third,

the protection of the just interests of labor. By keeping constantly in view these three leading principles I intend to give Italy peace at home and abroad.

We demand that Italy shall no longer be considered by the world as a backward nation. But in order that our voice may be heard in international councils (which is in the highest interest of you workmen) there must be discipline at home. Nobody will listen to us if we are a restless, disturbed, and dissatisfied people.

These glowing and pertinent words well define Mussolini's principles (as of the present date, no matter what they may have been) in the elemental and fundamental domain of labor.

Closely allied with this declaration was another action of Mussolini's—to burst like a thunder-storm on the Socialists. Mussolini had long been a Socialist himself, an extreme and a violent one. He knew all their tricks at first hand. He had participated in their excesses. But when the extremists not only became Bolshevik, but behaved unpatriotically towards the gallant Italian army which by the triumph of Vittoria Veneto had delivered Italy from the oppression of her hereditary foe, then Mussolini broke with them. He did more. He became no passive antagonist, but an aggressive one. He saw his chance if he could organize a counter-force. He did not find that counter-force in the

Italian Government, or even in the Italian army. So he mobilized his own army of boys and men and trained them to take the law into *their* own hands whenever necessary.

Of course they went to extremes. Most Italians do. Especially would these particular Italians. Certain things done were better left undone. But in the main the movement has been monumental in its restraint as well as in its impact.

First, it appealed at once to that effervescent spirit of youth—well emphasized in the Fascist "Giovanezza" song—ever present in Italy, no matter what a man's age.

Second, it appealed to the Roman sentiment in every Italian by its adoption of Roman names in the new organization, the chief name itself indeed being cleverly taken from the Latin *fascies*, or bundle of reeds bound about an ax and carried before the Roman lictors.

Finally, it appealed to the general resentment by all patriots at the appearance in Italy of a despicable and disloyal movement, copied from Moscow, threatening alike the social structure and the national integrity.

Mussolini patiently built up his organization in quantity and quality. To appreciate the necessity for it one should consider what Italy was only a few years ago. The Bolshevik dream had so captured the extreme Socialists and so strong in the saddle did they think themselves that a mere difference of opinion between the conductor of a street car and one of its passengers would be enough to start a strike covering the whole system. A railway train would be all ready to leave a station, but at the news that some *carabinieri* (police in "dress coats" and Napoleonic hats, a familiar sight to every traveler in Italy) had boarded the train it would be held up by the refusal of engineer, firemen, trainmen, and conductor to work until the policemen got off and stayed off. In some places it actually became even dangerous to play the "Marcia Reale" (the "Royal March") in the streets, where there were Bolshevistically inclined crowds, for, according to their notions, such outworn figureheads as kings and queens would of course soon be things of the past. The extremists demanded that the Government let them run Italy's industries, and so powerful had they become that Signor Giolitti, the astute Piedmont statesman, then Premier, gave them just enough rope with which to hang themselves—and they promptly proceeded to do it. A less far-sighted statesman would have given them no rope at all.

Bewildered, the half-crazed, unwieldy Bolshevik mob then began to disparage the army and what it had done. We saw in Italy a defeatist movement. Drunk with power, the

Socialists, having taken the economic law into their own hands, were now reaching for the military control. Here was Mussolini's chance, and he "played up" well. His organization was now growing by leaps and bounds. An ugly situation last summer precipitated a Ministerial crisis last autumn. *Facta fell*. In many respects he had been an admirable man for Italy and had rendered great service. But he was not "the man on horseback." That man was not only necessary, but was at hand. One morning he arrived in Rome at the head of 100,000 Fascisti. They marched through the Corso and were acclaimed with the greatest enthusiasm. They seemed the deliverers of Italy, these mostly very young, alert, upstanding Fascisti. They left Rome that night, and they did so because the King (the most intelligent prince in Europe, as Theodore Roosevelt once called him) saw perfectly well on which side *his* bread was buttered. He invited Mussolini to form a Ministry. Mussolini promptly accepted—perhaps he thought he might become what the mayors of the palace were to the old Merovingian kings.

To the surprise of every one, the names of the members of the new Ministry, when announced, turned out to be not overwhelmingly Fascist, as it was supposed they would be. The Cabinet contained such esteemed personages as General Diaz for the Ministry of War, Admiral Thaon di Revel for the Ministry of the Marine, and Count Rossi for the Ministry of Commerce. Many an Italian who had heretofore regarded the new movement with suspicion then said: "If Mussolini is good enough for these leaders, he is good enough for me."

Prime Ministers such as Baron Sonnino, or like Salandra, Orlando, Giolitti, Bonomi, *Facta*—to speak only of some very recent ones—have been "regulars;" that is to say, men who arrive at the highest office by climbing the usual rungs of the parliamentary or bureaucratic ladder. Not so Mussolini. He is decidedly an "irregular." Now any "irregular" must justify his daring deed in alighting on the summit by subsequent acts far beyond the ordinary.

Mussolini has done just this. His attitude towards labor has been so daring, courageous, and really noble that he has pacified the revolutionary element to a very large extent.

In the next place, his attitude towards Bolshevism before taking office has been more than justified by his attitude since. This has been doubly impressive because he has not only condemned but punished efforts towards insubordination and crime in his own ranks. There was a time when the Fascisti at least poured castor oil down the throats of their ene-

mies; any recent attempts have been met by instant orders for long terms of imprisonment from the Fascist leader himself.

In the third place, there is the situation as regards the political parties. To say that Mussolini is master of the situation is certainly a conservative phrase. It seems as if the very stars in their courses were fighting for him. His greatest enemies, the Socialists, are now broken and depressed. They are divided between the old intellectuals, with Turati and Modigliani at their head (they have played the principal Socialist rôles during the past four years), and the Maximalists, who are very much tinged with Bolshevism. All are crouching in their cave of Adullam and are the farthest of all Italians from recognizing Mussolini's pretensions. One may not say this of the other parties—the Conservatives, the Liberals, the Catholics, the Radicals, and all the little bits of parties in between. Their attitude may be summed up in a phrase I heard the other night from a distinguished Liberal: "We may none of us have been Fascists. We may none of us like Mussolini. But at the present moment our duty is to rally, all of us, to the Fascist banner and to help Mussolini, for his is the only Government just now possible."

Admitting that there is no other alternative Government, many wise men are shaking their heads at the Fascist inexperience in administration. They regret that more places in the new Cabinet were not offered to the older men. Anyway, they very naturally oppose the present system of rough-and-ready dictatorial government with little regard for Parliament. In this connection foreigners were amazed that Parliament took Mussolini's strong medicine, drastically administered, "lying down." A free people, by its duly elected representatives, does not act thus. But be it remembered that Italy has enjoyed universal suffrage only a comparatively few years.

Not only the opposition to Mussolini, but also some of his supporters, demand new elections as soon as possible. Hitherto the Premier has turned a deaf ear to this, because he knows that a new Parliament will be more troublesome to him than is the present, even if it be, as it will be, more Fascist. The difficulty will be not so much in the increase of a possibly unruly Fascist element as in the intensification of the Opposition. However, a new electoral law has become a primary issue, and a few days ago the Electoral Commission made a report concerning it. The report turns it back upon the system of proportional representation which Italy has enjoyed for a decade, and thus antagonizes immediately the "Partito

Popolare," namely the Catholics, who now, by virtue of that system, command a hundred seats in Parliament. Any electoral reform which upsets the Catholics will simply throw them into the arms of the Socialists for maneuvering purposes, and then there may be the old mix-up and trouble all over again.

Another very primary and even more pressing Mussolini reform is that of the bureaucracy. First, as to efficiency. The new Premier went about this with characteristic alertness and businesslike method. About 9:30 A. M. a day or two after his entry into office a smallish man appeared at one of the Ministries and asked if he might see a certain official. The porter replied, "Oh, he never arrives before ten o'clock." The visitor then asked to see one of the sub-department heads, whereupon the porter remarked, "You would hardly catch him before eleven." "Very well," said the visitor, "please tell those gentlemen that I called upon them half an hour after office work has been scheduled to begin. My name is Mussolini."

The porter stepped back, so Mussolini afterwards told his friends, as if struck by lightning. During the day Roman officialdom was similarly struck. The next morning every man was in his place at nine o'clock, and has been every morning since.

Much harder was the second part of the problem of efficiency and economy, namely, the reduction of the force. This was necessary, for in some cases a job had been apportioned among as many as four men, while the departmental bureaus and commissions represented an absurd overlapping of positions. In the Department of Agriculture alone no less than 21 boards and commissions with a total of over 330 officials have been suppressed. In other departments the reduction has been far more drastic. Mussolini has discharged thousands upon thousands of financial, commercial, judicial, postal, telegraph, telephone, and railway employees. During the half-year he has been in office he has, it is claimed, by thus revising the budgets of the various Ministries involved, saved many million dollars.

The ex-employees and their families, however, certainly do not relish having their incomes suddenly cut off. Practically every person thus affected has of course become Mussolini's enemy, and he knew perfectly well that this would happen. Undaunted, his courage reminds one of old Roman days. A few ex-employees, it should be added, have displayed equal virtue in accepting the situation "Romanly," on the principle that "*Salus populi suprema lex est.*"

Of all the new economies, the most striking is that in the Department of Justice. Last week Mussolini decided

to suppress four high courts and no less than 550 *preturi*, or the smallest tribunals, involving naturally very many officials. If during some previous administration just one of these officials had been put out, there would have been a howl all over Italy. We would have heard a universal cry that it was poor economy to clip the wings of justice. Now, however, Italy is nugging herself to think of this additional saving.

While Mussolini aims at both efficiency and economy, all the stupendous economies just mentioned, and even his effort to turn over the state railways to private control, would not suffice to atone for the still more stupendous deficit Italy faces. So there must be fresh taxation. This is naturally unpopular, and the Premier is walking warily.

In general, on the financial side, Mussolini has so far enjoyed the confidence of the bankers. Some of them said to me, "We are all for Mussolini up to a certain point." That point will be reached if and when he should decide to establish an autonomous Banca del Fascismo, which would not at all please the great powers of international finance, the silent controlling forces here, as in England, France, Germany, and other countries of Europe.

On the military side, in addition to strengthening the army—and this will eat up some of the economies—the Premier has been combining with the police in the formation of a force of "Militia for Internal Security." It consists of men between the ages of seventeen and fifty, and is to depend, not on the Minister of War, but on the Minister of the Interior. To this end Mussolini has disbanded that body of police soldiery known as the Royal Guard. About a thousand of its officers have been dismissed and the remainder incorporated with the *cara-binieri*. As a net result, Mussolini will thus have provided himself with a neat little army, outside of the regulars, of 100,000 men, more soldier-like and disciplined than the Fascisti black-shirts, and doubtless intended to supplant them. Perhaps the Prime Minister looks forward to a time when he may need to rely on some very personally directed force, one more developed than has been the Fascismo del Combattimento.

Some other questions have been handled in a more or less doubtful way. The matters of amnesty, censorship, the proposed abolition of gaming resorts, or the proposed introduction of very mild bull-fights lead many to question whether Mussolini's courage and wisdom in other respects would stand him in good stead here. Let us hope they will. A muzzled Italian press might indicate the contrary did we not consider that the people, not alto-

The story of MUSSOLINI AND THE FASCISTI

cannot be told in a single article, or even a series of articles. Another important phase of this political revolution will be given in a vividly written article by

ERNEST POOLE

author of "The Harbor," "His Family," and "Danger." Mr. Poole has just returned from making a study of the Fascisti in their native land.

gether ready for the new movement, might have been still less ready if certain green and yellow newspapers had been allowed to have their complete say.

Outside of these matters Mussolini has had to win his spurs in three domains, namely, in his relations with the House of Savoy, with the Vatican, and with Foreign Affairs.

With the first, no matter how hard a pill it was for the ex-Socialist to swallow, he had the final good sense to see that he could not hope to triumph against the devotion of the vast majority of Italians to their royal house and to their beloved monarch. Indeed, that monarch made the Fascist leader's task easy. Victor Emmanuel has not "lost a trick" in this respect. For instance, last week an incident happened significant of this and also of Mussolini's good taste. At the civil ceremony of the marriage of Princess Yolanda, the King's daughter, the civilian witnesses from the Government were the Prime Minister, the President of the Senate, the Ministers of War and Marine. On such an occasion it was certainly appropriate for the King to grant the one vacancy in the Order of the Annunziata (corresponding to the English Order of the Garter), and he tendered this to the Premier. The latter at once declined it, expressing the wish that it might be offered to his much older colleague, Signor Tommaso Tittoni, President of the Senate. His Majesty agreed, informing Mussolini that there would be no doubt as to the occupancy of the next vacancy!

As to the Vatican, the Prime Minister has shown surprising and gratifying alertness. He had not been long in office when he made a direct request of the Vatican that he be permitted to signalize his policy of reconciliation

by sending Grand 'Ufficiale Cremonesi, the "Regio Commisario" of Rome (a substitute for the Mayor under the present dictatorship), to be received by the Papal Vicar-General, Cardinal Pompili. For half a century no head of the Roman municipality has been thus received. The Vatican responded with prompt and equal courtesy, and the meeting has been the talk of the town ever since.

With regard to foreign affairs, when Mussolini took office it was freely prophesied by those who remembered his previous prejudices that he would signalize his foreign policy by fomenting a war with Jugoslavia. Nothing of the kind has happened; indeed, Italy's relations with that country seem more cordial than ever before. Then it was said that Mussolini would betray his supposed secret Teutonic sympathies by entering into some kind of a "deal" with Germany. So far from doing this, he sent his experts to accompany the French and Belgians into their examination of the coal resources of the Ruhr, together with a sharp note to Germany. He did not, however, approve extreme action in the Ruhr. Italy is dependent on Germany for coal, and it is going to be difficult for the present or any other Italian Government to walk the tight rope.

If, then, an "irregular" Premier must give special proofs of service, Mussolini certainly has already given them. He is a wonder, and no mistake. With all his possible bumptiousness and probable faults, he has succeeded, not only in bringing better and friendlier understandings all round, but in assuring long-needed efficiency and economy to patient, plucked Italy.

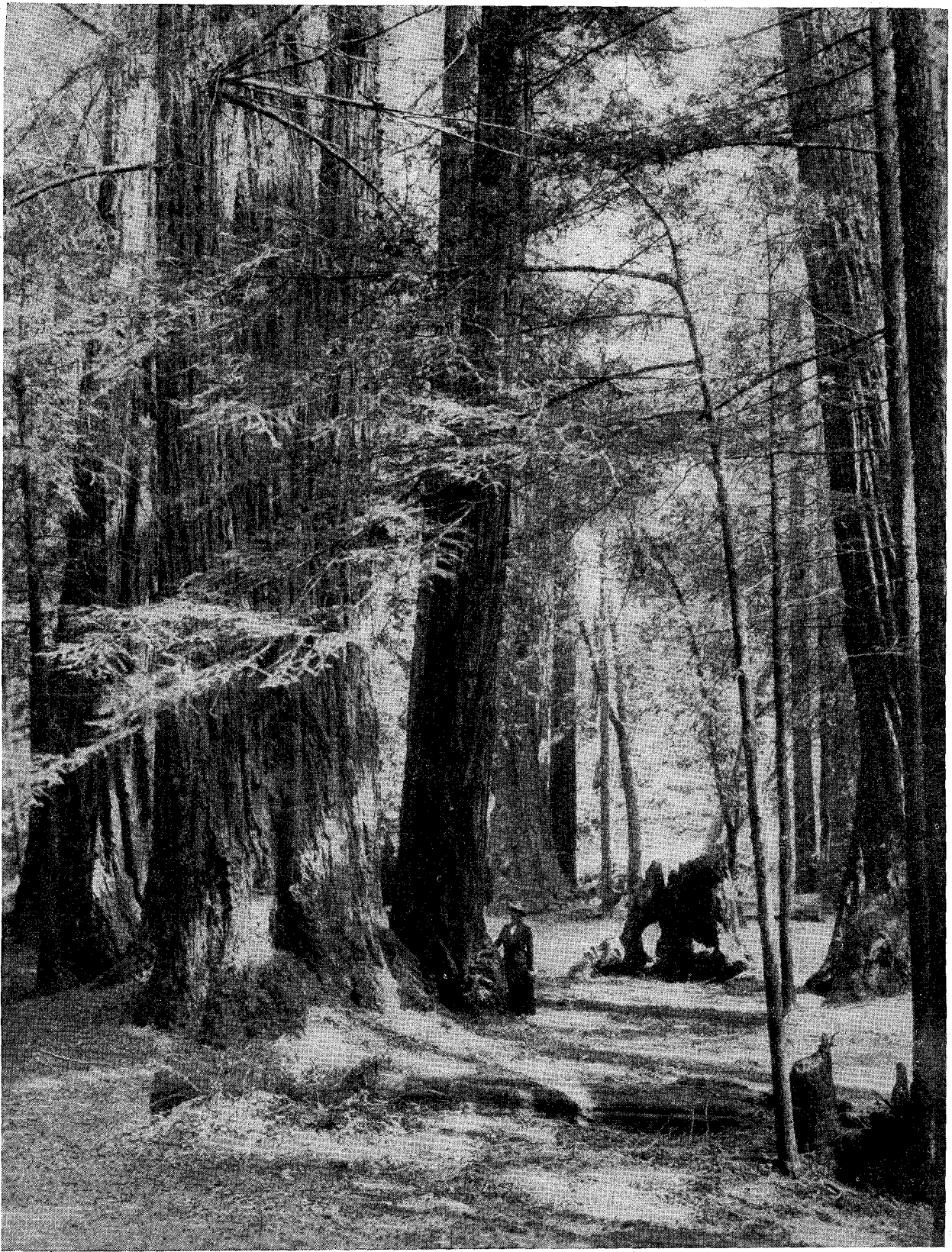
Yet let Italy have a care. For the nonce, a benevolent dictatorship under an Italian Cromwell may be the best form of government. In the long run, however, it cannot be. The history of Rome shows over and over again that a dictatorship must give place to something else.

In the present instance it will probably resolve itself either into a more unbenevolent and inexperienced dictatorship under some other Fascist leader, should the present leader be assassinated, or into a military dictatorship under Diaz or Badoglio or Cadorna (the Nationalists, who have now combined with the Fascists, claim that they have rehabilitated Cadorna and that he no longer bears the whole obloquy of the defeat at Caporetto).

Finally, and this is, I hope, the most likely, the present rule will give place to something for which the Italian people are daily becoming fitter—namely, a really democratic, representative government, as we understand it in England and America.

Rome, Italy.

TREES TO SAVE



IN THE MUIR WOODS NATIONAL MONUMENT IN CALIFORNIA

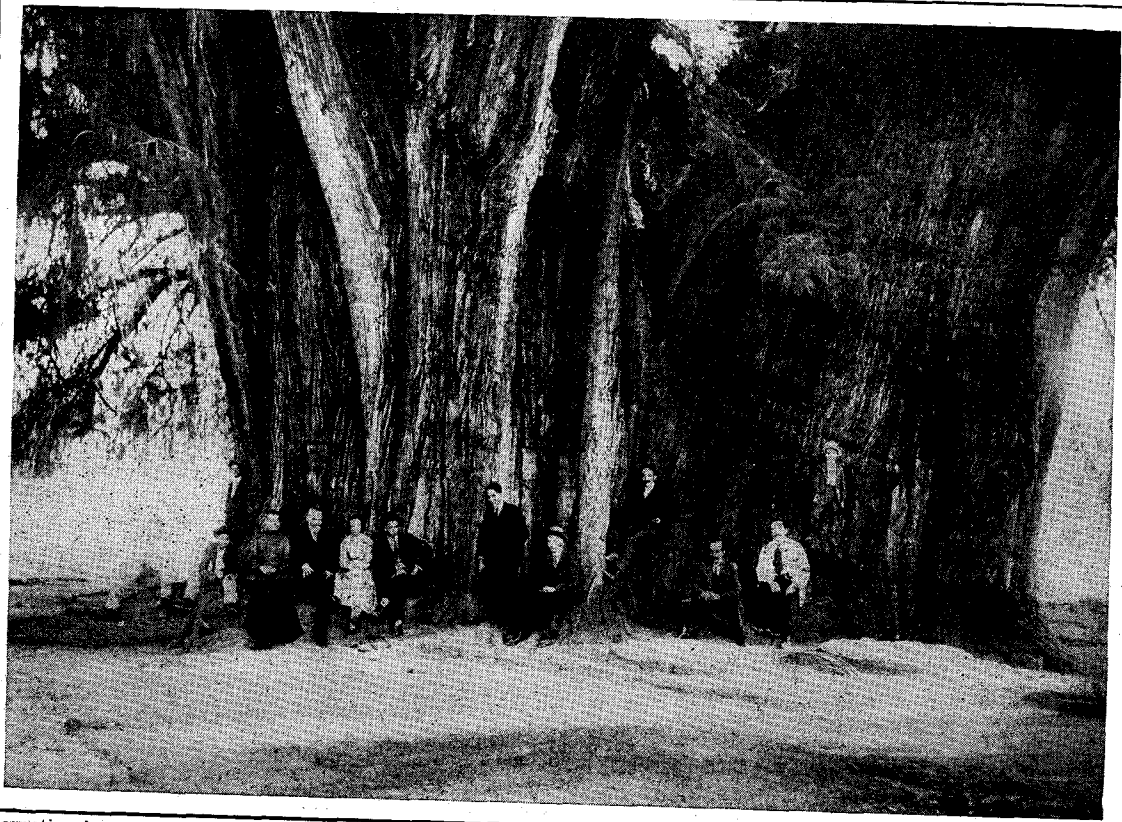
In this splendid area of forest primeval, which is situated within ten miles of San Francisco, stand many superb redwoods—the *Sequoia sempervirens*, sister to the Giant Sequoia of the Sierras. Note the foliage of the small redwood in the foreground

From G. S. Eaton, Wilmette, Illinois

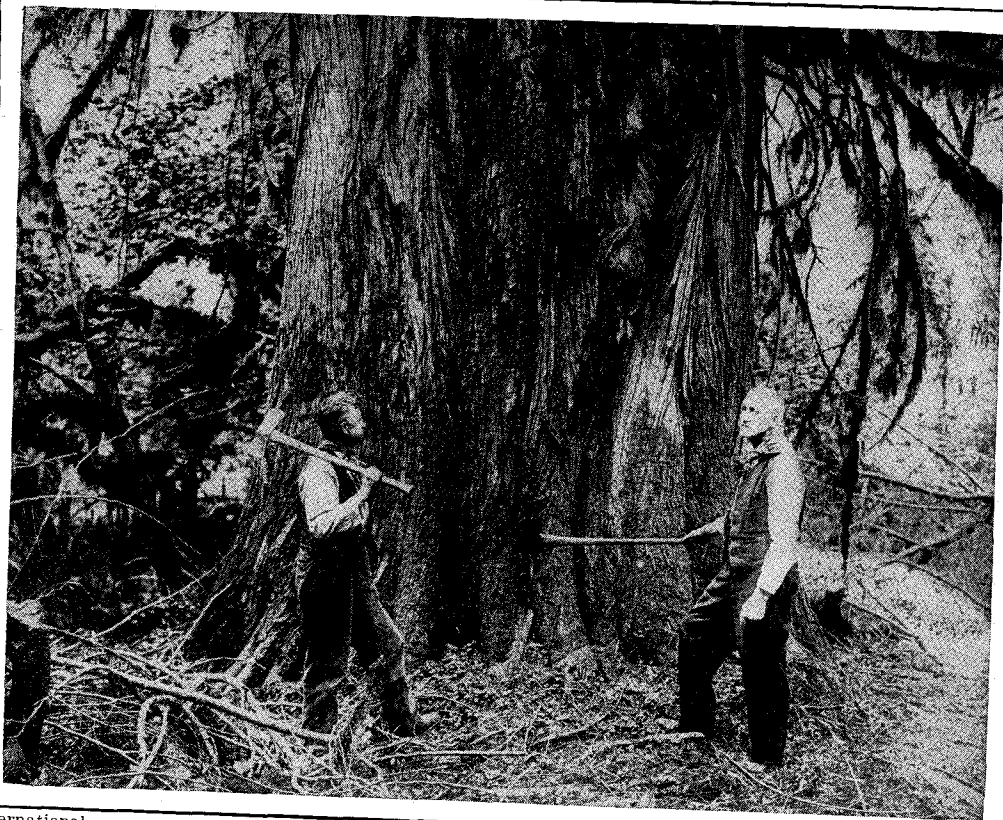
AND TO SERVE

MEXICO'S FAMOUS CYPRESS TREE

This great cypress, which is situated a few miles from Mexico City, in the churchyard of the village of Santa Maria del Tule, is computed to be between five and six thousand years old. It is one of the favorite points of interest visited by Mexican tourists



International



International

THE LUMBER INDUSTRY IN CANADA

This giant cedar is one of many to be found in British Columbia which are falling victims to the lumberman's ax or saw. Some of these great cedars are over twelve feet in diameter. They can be cut down in half an hour. They take five hundred years to grow

OUR SO-CALLED PEACE¹

BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

WHEN Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer learned that the runaway Negro was locked up in the hut, do you remember what they did first? Was it to plan a method to rescue the Negro? No, indeed. It was to invent some difficulties.

When the Apostle Paul in one of his letters to the people at Corinth wrote out a list of the hardships he had suffered, do you remember his opinion? Did he complain of them? On the contrary, he took pride in them, he gloried in them. Repeatedly he likened the joy of life to the joy of what to-day we call the cinder path and the squared ring—the joy of the runner and the boxer.

Evidently in some respects at least the Apostle Paul and Tom Sawyer were kindred spirits.

As we look at the European situation to-day, we are not confronted with the necessity under which Tom Sawyer labored. We do not have to invent any difficulties. There are difficulties enough to tax any people's ingenuity, patience, and courage. Those of us, however, who can muster up even a little of the spirit of Paul, or, if not that, then even some of the spirit of Tom Sawyer, can look upon these difficulties as challenges to our courage, our patience, our ingenuity.

OUR "SAFETY FIRSTS"

As in every hazardous situation, there are many to-day who are swayed by the desire for "safety first"—safety for persons, safety for interests, safety for cherished institutions, safety for property. Anything that increases danger to persons, or interests, or cherished institutions, or property, they fear as the chief of all evils. Many of these are idealists, but their ideal is peace—freedom from trouble, tranquillity, a sense of exemption from all possible injury. They are beset with what Emerson has called "the pusillanimity of honest men." Their saint should be Pilate, who counted it a virtue to preserve a judicial neutrality, and when he no longer could do that to yield to injustice if only he could soothe the violent and preserve the Roman peace. And, as always happens, idealists who make peace, tranquillity, safety, their chief ideal find themselves in partnership with materialists. In the name of peace we are hearing to-day too little of the principles that are at stake, and too much of markets, and of marks, and iron, oil, and coal. There is

plenty of discussion about milliards of francs and thousands of millions of pounds sterling. To that discussion I shall not attempt to make any contribution, and I shall not because I do not think it is essential.

The situation in Europe to-day is due to one simple fact. The war that began in 1914 is not yet ended. And the war is not ended because the issue of the war has not yet been settled.

WAR ISSUE NOT YET SETTLED

Before the World War was a year old Harrington Emerson, a well-known management engineer, predicted in *The Outlook* the continuance of the war for perhaps a generation or more. In that case, he thought Germany would be encysted as dangerous insects intruding in the hive are encysted by bees. "Along Germany's eastern border, Germany's western border, there may be an armed and vigilant but quiescent force," he wrote, and described Germany as a "Germany shut up and in Coventry until she has learned again those fundamentals of morality that Moses generalized three thousand four hundred years ago, that David sang in the Psalms: Thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not covet, thou shalt not bear false witness, thou shalt not remove the boundary stone, blessed is the man that sweareth by his own hurt and changeth not."

That certainly is in substance a fairly accurate description of the conditions in Europe now. Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice (formerly director of military operations of the British Imperial General Staff) in an article in the current "Atlantic Monthly" places the strength of the standing armies of Europe at over 4,300,000, an increase of more than 600,000 over the strength of all European nations on the eve of the outbreak of the war. From the Baltic to the Black Sea, and from the Netherlands to the Alps, armed men are on guard. Why? Because the war has not yet been finished. Because the issue of the war has not yet been settled. Because peace without victory in a cause for which men are willing to die is not peace at all.

THE POLICY OF LINCOLN

In a quarrel over trivial things peace may be patched up by compromise; but not in a conflict involving a great issue. No city can make peace with the forces of corruption by negotiations; it can only make a truce. Peace comes only when corruption is

conquered. This we all recognize in every conflict in which the issue is plainly one between right and wrong; but it is equally true in every conflict which involves what either combatant prizes as fundamental. Lincoln knew this. In spite of the appeals from the Confederacy, he refused to parley. The truest and most tender-hearted among statesmen, he never swerved an inch from the path of war till it led to unconditional surrender.

To-day we all recognize that Lincoln's policy of unconditional surrender was the most humane.

If that was true in a war in which each side fought for a conception of liberty—the one for liberty through secession, the other for liberty inseparable from union—how much more true it was in a war in defense of liberty against domination.

GERMANY'S INTENT

In one sense, indeed, the war that began in 1914 was not a war at all. Standing on a platform in this city, my father five years ago pointed out that, according to the definition of Charles Sumner, the conflict between Germany and virtually the rest of the world was not a war, for it lacked the elements necessary to make a conflict war. It was not fought to determine a question of justice and it was not fought under international law. "There is no war in Europe," he said; "there is a *posse comitatus* from the various civilized nations of the world to protect the peaceful nations of Europe from the worst and most efficient brigandry the civilized world has ever seen." What happened in 1914 was a repetition of what had happened before. In spite of Colonel Repington's title, that conflict was not the first world war. It was an attempt to repeat what in other times and under other circumstances Assyria and Babylonia and Egypt and Macedonia and Rome had attempted. Any power which, becoming irresistible on land and irresistible on sea, threatens to dominate all other powers has throughout history always been resisted. Whether Germany's intent can be proved by documents or not matters little; her intent can be determined by the rule in law that a person's or a country's intention is proved to be the same as the inevitable consequences of his or its acts. By any one who does not wish to avoid the truth because it is disagreeable Germany's intent can be read in the indelible records of her armies. And not only can her intent now be clearly seen, but it was foreseen. So clear

¹An address at the American Academy of Political and Social Science, Philadelphia, Saturday, May 12, 1923.

was it, in fact, that countries with no other bond in common found a bond in their common plans for defense. One of the immutable laws of life was enunciated in the words, "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Aggressive violence eventually works its own destruction—not by decay, but by violence itself. This is not a matter of policy to be adopted or not as one pleases; it is an immutable law. And it was this law that Germany invoked.

THE ISSUE CONFUSED

Students of international affairs have called this law the law of the balance of power. It is popularly supposed even in some intelligent circles that by the balance of power is meant a careful adjustment between two equal forces such that if either force becomes greater than the other a catastrophe follows. That is not what is meant by the balance of power at all. The most perfect example of the balance of power is in this country of ours. Here the balance of power is set against aggression, and has been set for sixty years. As Vestal has pointed out, no one State or group of States could threaten domination over the rest of the States without at once arousing the overwhelming balance of power against them.

To destroy, therefore, the balance of power is to destroy the power of resistance against aggression.

When, therefore, Germany made her threat, there was one, and only one, issue for the rest of the world. It was as much in the interest of Holland, who remained neutral, as it was in the interest of Belgium, who bravely took her part in resistance, to see that this aggression was made futile.

During hostilities, however, this issue became confused. Phrases became current which made it difficult for some people to keep the issue clearly in mind—such phrases as "Democracy *versus* autocracy," "To make the world safe for democracy," or "War to end war." It was only in the broadest sense a war of democracy against autocracy, only in the sense that it was a war of nations which wished to retain their own individuality against a nation which wished to be an autocrat over other nations, but it was not a war between democratic nations, on the one hand, and an autocratic nation, on the other. Such a phrase as "war to end war" was true only in a strained sense. It was a war, not to end wars, but to end a specific world domination. And men's minds were also confused by the Fourteen Points. I wonder if you can rehearse them. I cannot. They were certainly not in the minds of the men who threw themselves into the conflict. The raising of these unessentials obscured the one

essential. The Armistice came as a result, not of unconditional surrender, but of negotiations. As McPherson says in Rose's volume on the "Development of the European Nations," "allied unity was shattered before the conference was ended." The common resistance was dissolved before the object of that resistance was secured.

NECESSITY FOR DEFINITE ACKNOWLEDGMENT

In the intervening four years we have been learning that peace without victory may be as destructive as war.

There will be no victory until the encysted insect acknowledges its intrusion and makes it clear that it will withdraw. There will be no victory until it is written clear in history that the example of Assyria and of Rome cannot be safely imitated to-day. There will be no victory until it is pronounced in memorable and unmistakable terms that no nation becoming irresistible on land and on sea can undertake to dominate mankind with impunity.

We are told to forgive our enemies; but not even the Almighty can forgive the unrepentant. We are told to be reconciled with our brother; but it takes two to make reconciliation. There is no doubt in the minds of any one of us that if Germany to-day were to acknowledge, not only that her aims were defeated, but that they were inherently dangerous to the world and ought not to be tolerated in any country, if Germany were to end her evasion and her resistance, even her passive resistance, if Germany were to show unmistakably her good faith, the whole world would welcome her co-operation against the domination of any future Power. It is said that to ask that is to ask the impossible. I do not think so, for if I did I would believe in the impossibility of peace by reconciliation. But it is certainly asking for that which has not yet taken place.

The situation therefore in Europe to-day is essentially what it was when the men were still in the trenches. The brigands have been driven off, but they have not been brought to justice. Aggression has been thwarted, but it has not been destroyed.

We are as those who say "peace, peace" when there is no peace, and when there can be no peace without victory.

The war is continuing because America and Britain left the conflict before the issue was settled.

That is why France is in the Ruhr to-day.

GERMANY SHOULD PAY

One of the greatest advocates of peace in the world is Baron d'Estournelles de Constant. He has expressed

as a lover of peace the issue as it remains to-day. I quote his words: "The security of the world ought to be the care of all the governments. It does not seem to be. And the war will not be slow in beginning again if public opinion becomes more sensitive to the complaints of Germany than it is to the great duty of putting an end to the outbiddings of armament preparation and to the militarism which have been the principal causes of so much misery. France and the Allies have had their faults. . . . But these faults are insignificant compared with the crimes of German militarism—crimes which must be atoned for, which must be punished in the persons of the chief malefactors, and in such a way that the war can never again be begun."

Deplore as we must the apparent doom of Germany's middle class; mourn as we must the misery which the German people, through their Government, have brought upon themselves, we cannot fail to see that Germany's attempt at world domination has left Germany's neighbors crippled and unreleased from the fear of her purposes—a fear which was justified by four and one-half years of desperate fighting, and four years more of unsuccessful quest for evidence that Germany has turned permanently from her destructive course.

While France is in the Ruhr there is evidence which the Germans can understand that, even though Germany has not yet lost the war, she has not yet won it, and that for the present her neighbors are safe.

Among nations, no more than among individuals, is there a rightful place for vengeance; but among nations, as among individuals, there can be no peace without justice. No justice can be built on the foundation of immunity for the aggressor. Any new order which nations may attempt to build upon injustice and immunity for the aggressor will not be a new order, but a new disorder.

AMERICA'S PART

We in America cannot escape international politics, for we cannot escape forming policies with a view to the maintenance of orderly international relations. Any policy that is built upon a purely economic foundation is bound to fail. Before international economics must come international morality. If isolation means the refusal to participate with other nations in common interests and common ends, then for America isolation is impossible. But we may take example from the history of Britain. For one hundred years after the Napoleonic wars Britain participated as never before in the affairs of Europe, but at the same time pursued what is called a policy of splendid isolation. During that period she was ready to cast her

lot with any nation, or group of nations, who had common interests with her in resisting threatening aggressors. To-day America stands towards the rest of the world as Great Britain has stood toward Europe. We cannot with impunity commit ourselves to any alliance, or any promises, which will put even a moral check upon our freedom to cast the weight of our influence in whatever direction it may be necessary to resist future aggression.

Justiciable questions are never the cause of world wars, and all such questions we ought to be ready to submit to any fairly constituted court of

international justice, based on international law.

A SUGGESTION

Administrative questions, such as the operation of the mail, the restraint of international trade in narcotics, the application of international policies previously agreed upon in specific cases, can safely be intrusted to any practical body that is strictly limited to administrative duties, such as the League of Nations seems to be becoming.

But for the settlement of international political questions, for the determination of policies, no nation can sacrifice its freedom without im-

perializing the preservation of the balance of power by yielding its sovereignty to a world empire. For the settlement of such questions, therefore, we must resort to those processes of conference and compromise which for each case seem to be best adapted.

The Four-Power Pacific Treaty is an example of one method by which America shows herself ready to confer with other Powers and to unite with them, not in any commitment or guaranty, but in recognition of the common obligations of all free nations to resist aggression from whatever source it may arise.

HELP OR NO HELP FOR GERMANY

BY IDA DONGES STAUDT

I BELIEVE that Germany has gone as far in self-help as probably it is possible for her to go. The reasons for this statement are the following:

The Germans, responding to the Fourteen Points of President Wilson and believing that America stood back of them and would bring her might to their fulfillment, were not only willing to lay down their arms, but were eager to destroy militarism in their midst; for it must be understood that not only did the Allies disarm Germany, but the Social Democrats of Germany themselves disarmed their own military as well. Germany went further: the Revolution of November, 1918, ousted the monarchy and introduced democracy. The Germans wanted to attempt democracy back in 1848, and failed on account of dilatoriness, but this time it became an accomplished fact. So far she acceded to two *Haupt* Allied demands—she disarmed and was disarmed and she became a democracy.

The constitutional change from a monarchy to a democracy is easy compared with the actual operating change. The German monarchical régime served the people. It worked out a social programme so comprehensive and complete that it created here on earth a little paradise. It gave, and asked in return only silence. But a democracy is the very opposite. It asks the people to assume duties and responsibilities. It says that the cause of the whole is greater than the cause of the individual, and that the individual must serve rather than be served. The people of a democracy get what they give. It insists that the people know their constitution and assume responsibility for its operation by placing in office men capable and righteous. This is not learned in a day, nor a year. Why demand the impossible of Germany? You cannot

reorder a life in the twinkling of an eye, nor change its pivot or leverage. The longer I remain in Germany, the more do I believe that in the matter of fulfilling Allied demands for change of Government the Germans have done what they can, but are powerless to re-educate a population in a brief time to the ways of democracy. Especially is it difficult for this people so thoroughly adjusted to selfish individualism to readjust to so pronounced a change. We who are the heirs of a long-tried Republic become impatient with what seems to us babyism in government over here, and terrible near-sightedness, blindness perhaps, and narrow, unmitigated selfishness, and then we try to remember that what we find here is the result of a former Government and an educational system and that untried men are steering the craft. Suppose we in America had been acted upon as the Germans. Would we be any different? In matters of government they have perhaps helped themselves as far as they are able.

But there is another reason why Germany cannot help herself at the present time. She is experimenting with a new Government under abnormal conditions. In the words of one of her own men, "Germany now is morally sick." The retort will come that she was morally sick before and during the war, and I come back with the insistence that a distinction must be made between leaders and folk. But The Outlook has said that the German army was "composed not of hired aliens, but of Germans . . . the Kaiser's most ordinary subjects," and that the systematic destruction in France was accomplished by them. Granted. The Outlook has also said that at the call to arms there was a popular "exultation." Granted. The acceptance of these two statements does not change my mind in the least.

As to destruction and brutality, what the *military ordered* had to be fulfilled. All Germany was under an iron hand and the whole system had only one word—Obedience. Young men have frequently said: "Do you think we could be guilty of such barbarities as were reported against us?" No, not these young men; but, to be honest, we have seen some Germans who seemed brutal enough to be counted among the guilty. But, to be fair, was England's blockade of Germany any the less brutal? How many died of hunger during the *Kohlrüben* year of 1917 the world does not know. And is the "velvet grip of France" really tender in the occupied territory in these times of peace? As to the "exultation," the folk believed that they were warring for the preservation of the Fatherland. Try as you will in Germany among the people, you can get only one answer as to why Germany went to war: Russia mobilized first. We exulted in America too when we entered the war, because we believed it was for a righteous cause and, if the Allies won, the dawning of a new day. We were as mistaken as the German people.

The military party from the Kaiser down we may accuse of moral disease from the beginning, but a misled and misguided folk surely cannot be altogether impugned. This folk had four years of fighting and deprivation, culminating in the 1917 year of blockade. Then came the upheaval of the Revolution and the subscribing to the Versailles Treaty, which other men than Germans have pronounced unjust. Then came the supporting of the armies of occupation and the steady outgoing of wealth with no return, which the Germans say depreciated their exchange—I do not know. Now comes the seizure of the wealth-producing centers by France, and the supporting of a still larger army, and a

ruined currency. Few people passing through such an experience could keep normal and moral, much less a people who are by nature and training intensely individualistic and have been accustomed to comfort and plenty.

For weeks in Germany I seemed to be living as in a fog. Where is truth? I asked. Does no one in this land know it? Then one day I sat with a noted professor, not of German blood, but a long-time resident here, a man who has visited the battlefields of France and knows how Germany sinned, but who yet believes in this people; he helped me into a clearing. The gist of the interview was something like this:

Germany has sinned.

Not only Germany, but the larger part of the world has morally sunken through this war.

Not only has Germany lost truth, but truth seems to have left the earth, and concealment and evasion have come again to their own.

Give Germany a hope; make the reparation sum definite and not a

vague enormity, and then give her a chance to pay.

Germany must pay, to that all agree. But why take away from this people the heartening hope of some day being able to free themselves from their atoning obligation? Here help surely could be given.

Another reason why help should be given. America backed the Fourteen Points, which the world hungrily accepted as the ushering in of an era of justice. She allowed those printed slips to be dropped into the enemy's trenches; indeed, spread them broadcast. Everywhere we have been from Syria westward the Fourteen Points are known. And the people said when they read the slip: "Justice and righteousness will at last be established on the earth, for great America has so said, and this America which poured her sons into France will pour out her treasure to support that which she advanced." And then America withdrew in a crucial hour.

We dare not say, Let Germany or France or England or Austria or any other country which was involved in

this loathsome war help themselves. Where have any of them come with this self-help? None see straight, none know truth or justice, none seem to be moved by any other motive than greed. Where shall one search for help? Lloyd George, though referring to the occupation of the Ruhr by France, has recently said, "We must get America's help in or out of the League of Nations," and he says what thousands of others in a larger sense in their hearts are saying. Perhaps the law of sacrifice was meant for nations as well as individuals. If so, we might dare to pray that America might be willing to offer herself for the saving of the nations, and bring some reality to the hopes she awakened.

When I hear the work of the Quakers in Germany spoken of with such touching gratitude, I renew my belief in an old way which is still a new and untrodden way internationally.

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him to drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head."

FROM CONGRESS TO CABINET

EXPERIENCES AND IMPRESSIONS OF PUBLIC LIFE IN WASHINGTON

BY WILLIAM C. REDFIELD

CHAPTER IV—THE PRESIDENCY

IT is six years since those thrilling days of early 1917 when we stood on the threshold of war and knew we were about to enter. We can think more quietly now, and can judge men and events on both sides of the sea with fuller knowledge. May we not, therefore, consider for a moment him on whose shoulders lay the grave responsibility of taking the final step? There were of course others to urge, to counsel, to legislate, to support, but the initiative was solely his—a solemn duty, not, he thought, to be undertaken in passion or even in strong patriotic excitement, but as a nation's deliberate final choice between right and wrong—a decision to be made soberly, prayerfully, in the fear of God and of no man.

A lover of peace, seeing clearly the infinite folly of war, and knowing the moral and economic evils that follow in its train, he yet became the convinced and active leader of a great nation in conflict. Over twenty million men were enrolled under his command and the products of many thousands of factories were placed at his disposal. It was a minor item in a long list that one hundred million dollars were allotted to him to spend at his discretion. New organization, new methods, new

mechanisms for combat, sprang into being at his word.

In time of war he prepared for peace. During the rush and roar of the strife he foresaw the end, and sought how to embody the high ideals of America in a form that would make them useful to mankind. In the midst of conflict with the armed foe, he purposed, if possible, to mold into fruitful forms of service in peace the powerful traditions and self-interest of those who were his associates in the struggle. In the double effort he had also to contend with misunderstanding at home. The forces under him overcame the foe in the field. Thereafter in council his ideals were hesitatingly accepted by reluctant associates. In his own land his antagonists triumphed for a season. Enemies at home and abroad could force the sacrifice of his physical vigor, but his ideals were unharmed, and now arise in renewed strength. When one recalls the venom with which Washington and Lincoln were alike assailed, he may smile at the detractors of Woodrow Wilson. He strove to do right as God gave him to see the right, and awaits the final decision with a quiet mind. It will be remembered of Mr. Taft that he endeared himself to the Nation by the

fine dignity with which he met defeat, but the conduct of his successor is no whit less worthy.

HARD LABOR IN THE WHITE HOUSE

It is hard to understand how any one who has seen the work of our Chief Executive close at hand can covet his task. My acquaintance has included five Presidents—Cleveland, Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, and Harding. I have seen them at work—one of them for over six years of association. It was not my own chief who said to me in the executive office that he had not time to be President of the United States. His statement will be readily understood when the facts are known. There is no eight or ten or even twelve hour day for our Chief Executive. Frequently his calendar is filled with appointments in quick succession covering all the day and reaching into the night. No corporate directors who had glimmerings of sense would permit their head to be such a victim of time-wasters as the President of the United States is obliged to be. One President (not Mr. Wilson) told me one day that after he had finished with the patronage hunters and other interviewers he would have between

three and four hundred photographs to autograph.

I have often seen the President's table piled high with papers—not all of them important—that required his signature. His round of callers would bring distraction to an industrial leader. There is sound reason for the President's personal physician being near at hand, for the task is such that daily watchfulness must be used to keep the physical and mental powers at highest pitch.

Presidents of course do not complain, but carry their load cheerfully, yet if the country once visualized the hard labor the President has daily to perform a change would be made. It would be possible to give the Vice-President minor executive tasks which would relieve the overburdened Chief Executive and make the subordinate office of greater practical service than

it is. Let no one think it is for pastime only that the President plays golf or tennis. Rather is it true that, however enjoyable, these exercises form a part of the working day, and are done under the physician's directions for keeping fit.

Under such conditions the President has little time to visit the various working services of the Government or to become personally acquainted with them. President Wilson did, in fact, get about in a surprising way. More than once he suddenly appeared at my office for a brief talk, and during the war his touch with the military services was constant.

A PRESIDENT COOLS HIS HEELS

Shortly after the establishment of the war services the President one day, without warning, decided to visit one

of the officers in charge. He was ushered into an anteroom occupied only by a stenographer busily at work. The stenographer explained that the director was in conference, and asked if the President would please be seated and wait a few minutes.

"You might care to look at the morning paper while waiting," suggested the obliging clerk.

The President of course graciously accepted, and after a few minutes the clerk, feeling his responsibility for entertaining the Chief Executive, said:

"How's your wife?"

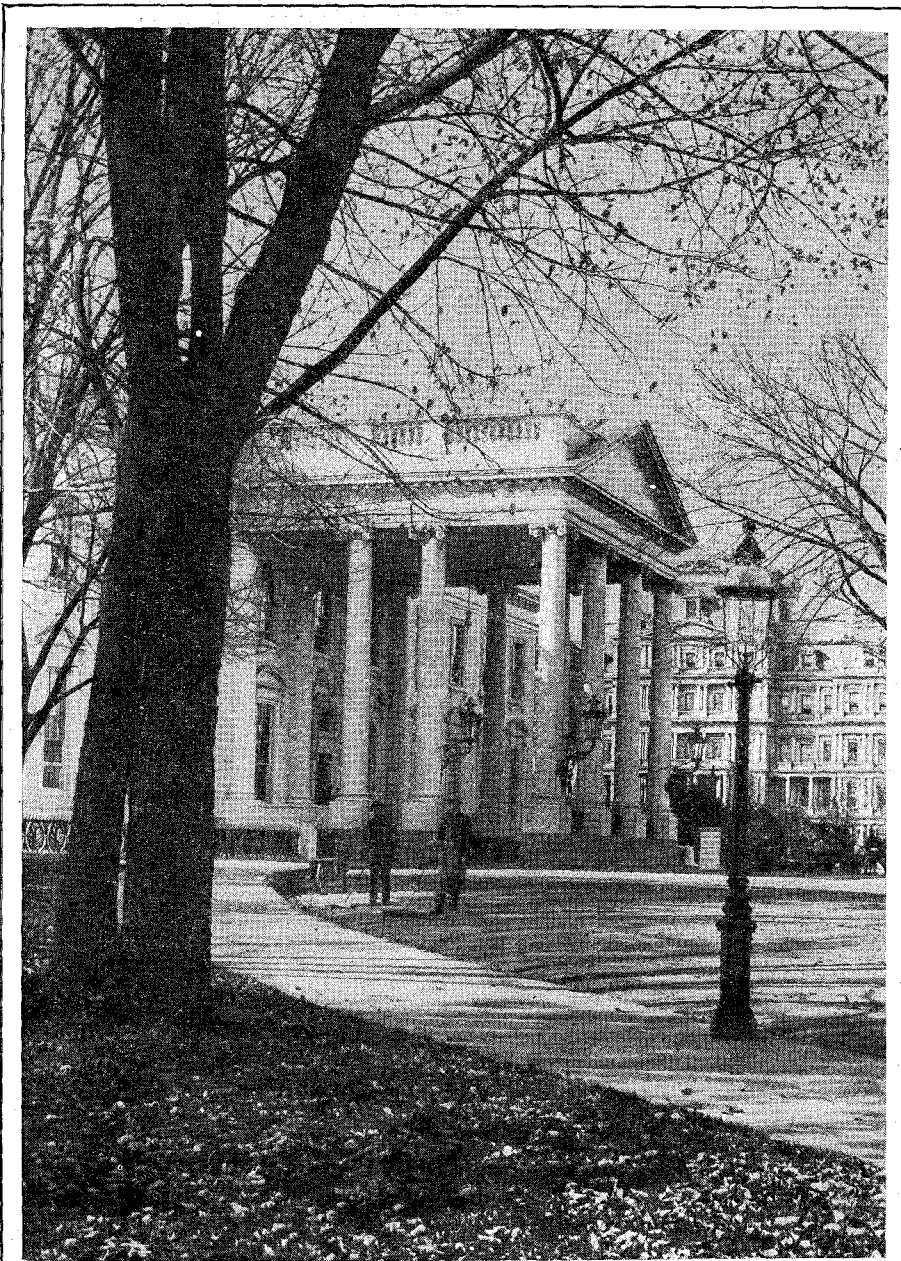
"Very well, thank you," replied the President.

Just then the Secret Service men, always watchful of their charge, peeped in the door. At the same time the director opened his own door, and saw in astonishment the President waiting for an interview. The stenographer, innocent of Washington etiquette and thinking first of his own superior, must have had a bad quarter of an hour. President Wilson would quietly enjoy the humor of the matter and would understand both the clerk's ignorance and politeness.

Possibly there are those who regard the use of the Mayflower by the President as a luxury—one of the comfortable perquisites of the Presidential office. It would be more correct to think of her as a means of giving the President a few hours of peace, a little time for thought and brief mental and physical rest. The Mayflower herself is a comfortable craft, but she lacks some maritime virtues. Her commanding officer, in speaking to me once, called her a "clumsy brute," and the operation of docking and turning her would give pain to the captain of a handy ship.

Before the war the Dolphin was reserved for the use of the Secretary of the Navy. In a moment of sarcasm she was, I think, classed as a despatch boat. If so, it was a slow despatch—such as our friends in France would call *petite vitesse*, or like Eugene Field's "*Schnellest Zug*." Once I told Secretary Daniels I had seen a sad, sad sight. In quick sympathy, he asked what it was. I replied: "The Dolphin coming up the Potomac against an ebb tide." Imagine his feelings!

President Wilson had the happy gift of mental detachment, and could forget his cares in enjoyment of a good show and find rest in so doing. I have often seen him sitting with the White House ladies in the right-hand end of the first gallery at Keith's, his seat indicated by the flag thrown over the balcony rail, and have myself keenly enjoyed his interest in the performance. Even if the show were poor, he would find interest in what the actors were trying to do, in the thought struggling for expression. He was a



(C) Underwood

Impressions of the exacting labors demanded of occupants of the White House are presented by Mr. Redfield in this chapter of his reminiscences

delightful dinner guest and social companion, full of humor, easy, informal, and genial. As his host, I knew him as the charming, cultured gentleman, without poses or visible official restraints. It was a privilege to myself and to my household when at the White House to have a near glimpse of the beautiful family life and affection that prevailed there.

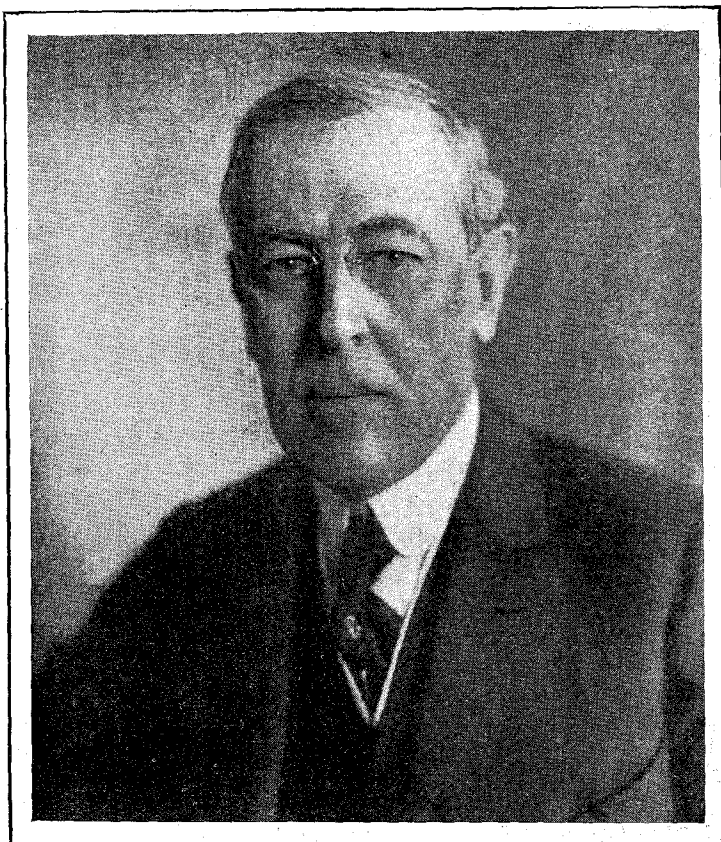
In calling upon the President on official business, one was always sure of a quiet, thoughtful hearing. His grasp was quick, his questions direct, and his spirit kindly. Such meetings were not formal, but friendly. Sometimes we met in the executive office, sometimes in one of the White House parlors, occasionally in the upstairs study. On one such occasion we were sitting in the executive office, whose southern side has several large windows looking out on the White House grounds. Twenty minutes had been reserved for me, but our business was despatched in half that time and we continued in friendly talk for a little while. I do not recall the business that brought us together that day or the general tenor of our conversation, but in the course of it President Wilson said:

"Sometimes as I sit here I feel as if the whole American people were looking in the window." In a moment he added, "I hope they know I am trying to do the work well."

Before the Administration was a week old I went to him to discuss the subject of appointments in the Steamboat Inspection Service. Patronage hunters were pressing for changes. I told him that, as the steamboat inspectors were charged with the duty of safeguarding the lives of passengers, that service should be kept strictly on a merit basis and that no removals or appointments should be made in it for any political reason. He cordially approved, and that rule prevailed.

PRESIDENT WILSON CLIMBS THROUGH A WINDOW

So far as his heavy cares permitted, President Wilson showed keen interest in the progress and development of department work of very kind. During the war an inventor produced an all-metal airplane of which he expected great things. It was sent to the Bureau of Standards for examination. The President was asked to see it, and gladly consented, but the only time available was on a Sunday. Accompanied by Mrs. Wilson, we went out to the Bureau of Standards, only to find that the custodian had misunderstood his orders and we were locked out. A hasty search found an unfastened window, and this served as a sufficient entrance for the President and his wife. I have always enjoyed



(C) Harris & Ewing

FORMER PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON

"There is little doubt that as the war went on President Wilson drew more and more into himself. He learned by experience that it was safe to keep his own counsel closely"

the recollection of the President of the United States and the First Lady of the Land climbing in through a half-opened window rather than fail to carry out the purpose of their visit.

Before the war demands for scientific research on behalf of the Government in its relation to industries, with the consequent benefit to the industries themselves, were overtaking the facilities of the Bureau of Standards. These demands had been so increased by the war that the service was in danger of being swamped. The problem was to get adequate buildings and equipment and get them quickly, for neither the enemy abroad nor our military services at home would wait. This meant obtaining a considerable sum of money. There was no time to submit estimates to the Appropriations Committee of one or both houses of Congress and to wait the slow process of legislation. That method involved risk of disaster. The Director of the Bureau of Standards and myself were returning to Washington on a train which took all day for the journey. We talked about an industrial laboratory in which pressing war problems could be handled on the scale and with the speed that were required.

We concluded that the only way to move the matter quickly was to ask the President to allot as a war measure a sufficient sum from the amount placed at his discretionary use by

Congress for war purposes. This settled, we discussed particulars. Starting with an assumed figure of \$300,000, we found, after a little reflection, that this was inadequate. Our figure rose to \$500,000, to \$700,000, and even this was not enough. By the time we reached Washington we had decided that we must ask the President for over \$900,000. The facts were assembled and an appointment made with President Wilson. I think neither the Director nor myself will forget that interview, for we realized fully the importance of our success to the industrial and military life of the country. A brief formal request to the President for the allotment of the desired sum was written. The Director prepared statements showing the calls upon his service by the Army and Navy during the month of December, 1917.

FOUNDING A NOTABLE SCIENTIFIC LABORATORY

When we presented these to the President in early January, 1918, they showed that demands for scientific work had come from the military services at the average rate of one every twenty minutes throughout the month of December. These sheets and my request were laid before the President. He asked a number of questions, but for the most part sat quietly looking.

over the papers while we waited, full of the keenest impatience. At last he said, "I think this needs no further argument," and, taking his pen, wrote across the bottom of my letter "Authorized and Approved" and signed it.

A great constructive service had been done. The importance of the structure and its equipment developed as the work went on. In the end it became necessary to obtain some \$250,000 more. To-day the great industrial laboratory stands there, a permanent source of help to the industries of the land and a witness of the wisdom of the President who authorized it.

It is interesting to recall how little was known at the time of the scientific equipment of the Government. At a meeting in Washington to promote the scientific work of the military services photographs were handed around, showing some fine buildings for research laboratories. As they passed from hand to hand, one of the most distinguished men present—a man who is popularly esteemed to be a scientific leader—said: "This is the kind of a laboratory Uncle Sam ought to have."

He was promptly told by another scientist that they were the very laboratories that Uncle Sam did have at the Bureau of Standards, a fact of which the former had theretofore been ignorant. It is but fair to say that the gentleman thus enlightened has since taken a real interest in the work of this scientific service.

BRYAN WALKS THE FLOOR ALL NIGHT

I went over to the White House early one afternoon to transact some routine Department business, and was surprised when the President was late at our appointment, for he was usually the soul of punctuality. He soon came in, visibly disturbed, and expressed his regret for the delay, saying that he had just left a conference with Mr. Bryan, who had resigned and insisted on leaving the Cabinet. The President had done his best to dissuade him, but fruitlessly, for Mr. Bryan felt that he could not conscientiously remain Secretary of State under conditions which might make him an active, responsible participant in war. He had found the decision between what seemed to him conflicting duties a very difficult one to make, and had walked the floor, literally, one whole night in the effort to choose the right course.

I have never been able to follow Mr. Bryan in economics or theology, and not always in politics, but personally he is a lovable man, sincere, loyal, and kindly. He has a wide knowledge of American political history, and he understands the way in which the average man thinks to a degree that is almost uncanny. It is this broad

human sympathy that is the secret of Mr. Bryan's influence, added of course to his wonderful gift of speech. I have had to oppose him more than once, but always with sincere respect for his personal character and with gratitude for his friendship. It was, I believe, a mutual love for men as men and a keen sympathy for the "under dog" that united Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan. In many ways very unlike, indeed with controlling differences of character and training, they had this bond of desire for human happiness and the purpose to contribute to it.

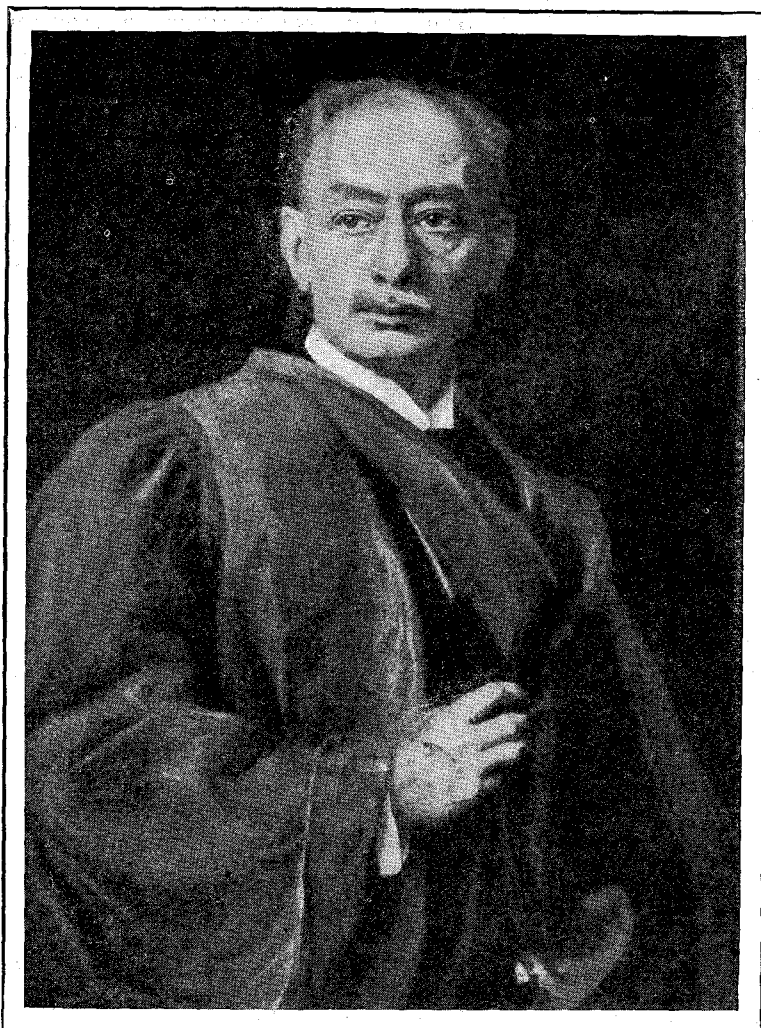
It was well that President Wilson had the saving grace of humor to illuminate what otherwise would have been at times a dark environment. He came into a Cabinet meeting one day telling of the various stories that were told him about Mexico, no two of them quite alike, but this, he said, was, on the whole, helpful to him, because it allowed him to offset one liar against another and so to "cancel out" a large part of the untruth and get at the residuum of fact.

Among the minor mistakes that have been charged against Mr. Wil-

son is that of being so opinionated as to domineer over his associates. So far as my own experience goes, he sought earnestly and with much patience for facts, which he weighed long and well. His mind was open to truth from whatever source it came, but he did not always welcome the partial and personal views of truth that came from those whom he knew to be prejudiced or selfishly interested. He was often much better informed than those who sought to influence him, and had an outlook which took in whole phases of truth of which they did not seem to know.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S CALMNESS AT CRITICAL MOMENTS

There were many people, not all of them Americans, who could not believe that such a cruel act as the sinking of the Lusitania could be committed by the authority of a Government calling itself civilized. It is, however, no secret now that this heartless deed was deliberately planned long in advance. German officials knew their own plans, and some of them took the unusual course of attempting by adver-



(C) Paul Thompson

From the painting by Philip Laszo

AMBASSADOR PAGE

Mr. Redfield discusses in this chapter the friction that developed between the Administration and the late Ambassador Page

tising to warn passengers away from the fated ship.

The disaster was under discussion one evening in a Cabinet meeting held in the upstairs study at the White House. Some doubt was expressed, by whom I do not recall, as to whether the sinking might not have been an act of criminal haste on the part of some zealous submarine commander. I was deeply stirred, as many of course were, by such cold-blooded sacrifice of innocent lives, unjustified by any laws of war or combatant rights. Therefore I insisted that the act was deliberate, and asked the President if he did not know it to be so. He said that he did, and he added, doubtless because of my own excitement, that we must not let our feelings control us in so serious a case. That did not satisfy me at the time, for my feelings were greatly aroused by what I thought wanton murders.

Seven years have passed, and my abhorrence of the deed remains unaltered, but I can appreciate better now how the problem presented itself to the President. Apart from any uncertainties in the case, he knew that it would be wrong to have the Nation's course controlled by quick anger or a hasty spirit of revenge, although he shared fully in the general horror. I cannot say that at that hour he foresaw our future part in the war, but I am sure he rightly felt that if we ever entered that or any other war it should not be in hot passion, but rather as a necessary and purposeful choice for righteousness' sake, to destroy an evil and not to commit one even in spirit. Nevertheless I always have rejoiced in the fact that one of the vessels of my own Department assisted actively in disabling the German submarine U-39, which sank the *Lusitania*.

President Wilson was not intolerant of conflicting opinion among his advisers. Mr. Page wrote him what he himself called "a pretty harsh letter," using blunt phrases. The President rightly expected loyalty, but never, to my knowledge, disapproved independent thinking. He knew, for example, that on the subject of the Philippines my views were not his own nor those of most of my Cabinet colleagues. There could be no concealment about it, for after my return from the Orient in the spring of 1911 I had not hesitated to oppose the legislation which my party favored or to make addresses publicly criticising it.

After the campaign of 1912 I sought an interview with Governor (then President-elect) Wilson, and saw him in his office at Trenton. I told him what my views concerning the Philippines were and why I held them, and that my opinions coincided with those of (then) President Taft. Indeed, I had conferred while in Congress with Mr.

Taft, and found our outlook the same on that subject. I do not recall that at our interview Mr. Wilson expressed his own views except by asking questions; but later of course we both knew we differed. But he gave me a full and courteous hearing, and when he called me to his Cabinet it was with the facts before him. Of course, he would not offer, nor could I accept, a post wherein such varying views could affect executive action.

On one occasion a serious question had arisen about certain punitive action recommended by Governor-General Francis Burton Harrison, of the Philippines. The case was not wholly unlike the difference in view-point between Ambassador Page and President Wilson, though of far smaller scope and importance. Harrison urged condign punishment. The President thought this extreme and unnecessary, and cabled to Manila to that effect. Promptly the Governor-General cabled his resignation with his reasons. The despatch was read in the Cabinet, and

kindly despatch to that effect, which closed the incident.

THE LETTERS OF AMBASSADOR PAGE

When we read some of the admirable letters of our devoted Ambassador to Great Britain, the late Mr. Page, with that sympathy which an understanding of his environment must bring, it is hard to comprehend that there was another side even of those matters which he so ably urged. But there was another phase which it was difficult for Mr. Page to see in just the light in which it appeared in Washington.

The Allied nations were struggling for their lives, but our own general opinion had not everywhere clearly reached the conviction at that time that our own life also was at stake. A good many thoughtful men resented what seemed to them unnecessary interference with neutral commercial rights, and were in no mood to make proper allowances for the zeal inspired by danger. There were times when it seemed that peaceful rights—the privileges of neutral commerce everywhere, not more our own than those of others—were being invaded, not perhaps of deliberate purpose, possibly of necessity, but none the less really. We alone of the neutral Powers were able to assert neutral rights in any effective way, and to some it seemed a clear duty to do so. This is not to say that either view-point was wrong, or even wholly right, but merely that there were considerations on each side which made the problem one which was not of easy or quick solution. Furthermore, there is this thought to be suggested—that public opinion on so serious a matter as war is not always alike either in time or place.

International relations are often more visible, if not more real, on the two ocean coasts than in the interior, just as the vital internal problems of our country come first and strongest to those who dwell near them. This is of course no fault of purpose or patriotism, but arises from the very nature of things as they are. But it is important to remember that if we were to enter the last great struggle it was needful that we do so with *all* our power, not with a large part of it holding back. America had an experience in 1812-15 of a conflict in which an influential part of the country was in opposition. The consequence was not altogether happy, nor the experience one which it would be well to repeat, especially under far more menacing circumstances. My own sympathies throughout were with Mr. Page, but I could not avoid seeing the other difficulties as they arose.

The President felt that the war legislation as passed by Congress was of

WHY IS A BUSINESS MAN NOT BELIEVED IN WASHINGTON?

THE suspicion with which Washington looks upon business men is discussed next week by Mr. Redfield. The troubles of a Cabinet officer are set forth in detail. A typical day's work, ranging from hiring scrubwomen to building ships, is depicted. Some peculiar and destructive meshes of the law are described. The lives of strenuous adventure lived by some of the employees of the Department of Commerce are discussed by their former chief.

I remember how thoughtfully and considerately the President treated the matter. He expressed his personal regard for and confidence in Mr. Harrison, and said in substance that the Governor-General was on the ground and knew the intimate relations of the case in a way that it was impossible to grasp them in Washington. He deferred to the judgment of Governor-General Harrison, and sent him a

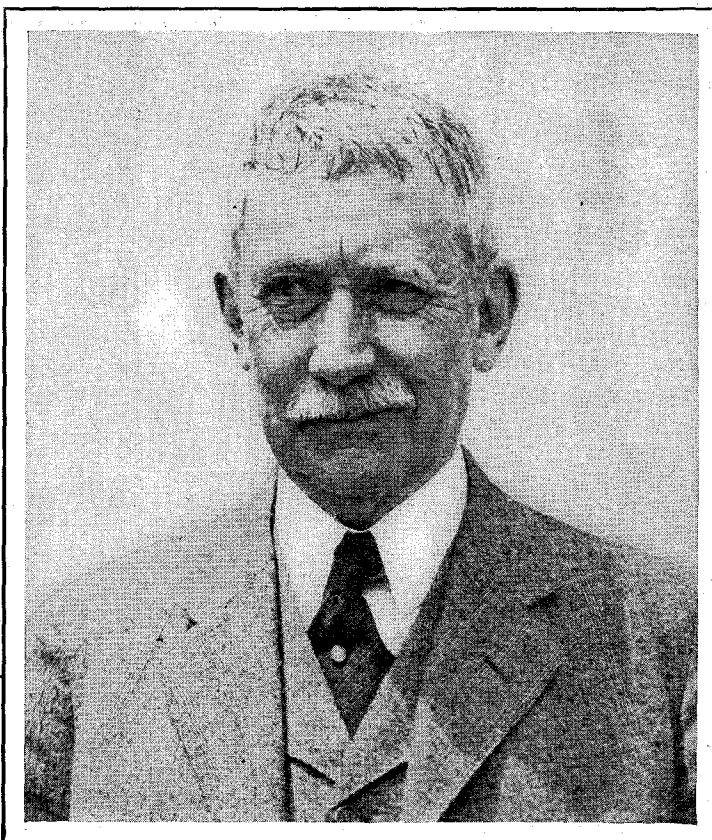
such a nature that it threw on him the duty of conducting the conflict by special organizations responsible to him rather than by enlarging the several regular departments—except of course the military and financial ones. The consequence was the creation of controlling war bodies with executive powers, and in a measure the necessary temporary subordination to those of some of the ordinary branches of the Executive. There is no doubt that these bodies functioned with ability and enthusiasm, and in the end with success, but there is also no doubt in my mind that the principle was wrong and the precedent unfortunate.

One result of these separate war services was that much of the time some members of the Cabinet had little idea of what was going on unless they happened to come into touch or conflict with the activities of some one of the separate bodies. This was hardly a cause for personal complaint, for in those intense days there was more than enough for every one to do, and those who regarded speech as silver and silence as golden in those times could not easily err by indiscreet speaking about that which they did not know. More than one recent publication has made it clear that there was need at that time of the most careful reserve. Mr. Bryan spoke frankly in the Cabinet of leaks in the Department of State which he was unable to control, and there were other cases of the kind.

There is little doubt that as the war went on President Wilson drew more and more into himself. He felt that confidences on matters of grave importance were not always understood to be such or were in one or another way revealed, to the harm of the cause in which the Nation was engaged. He learned by experience that it was safe to keep his own counsel closely. Such a course, however necessary, was certain to be misunderstood by some. Whether it was wise or unwise can be best determined by those who under similar circumstances have borne equal responsibilities, if there are any.

CONCERNING FUTURE WAR

On several occasions it was my duty to intervene on an appeal from an industry to save it from unpleasant consequences threatened by the action of some independent service. Fuel was secured for one; wire for another; relief from oppressive burdens for a third. It was of course vital to win the war, but there were also times when it seemed almost equally important to have something left when it was over. Nor was it, in my judgment, impracticable to accomplish the same result as well at less cost and with less friction by developing the exist-



Paul Thompson

ELIHU ROOT

"He spoke with vigorous disapproval of what he called 'government by suspicion'."

ing organizations rather than by creating new ones. The spirit of the special war services was admirable and unselfish, their patriotic zeal was beyond all praise (at times beyond wisdom), their personnel able and devoted, and in no small part practically unpaid. Their chiefs, being solely responsible to the President, placed on him a burden greater than any man should bear. I venture to believe that it would be well to provide that, in cases of future war, the regular departments—any or all of them—should be so expanded as to be inclusive of necessary additional special services, which should be accountable to the President through the constituted department heads.

The same is true in time of peace of the numerous independent services, which now nominally "head up," as the phrase runs, directly to the President, which means in practice nothing or worse than nothing. There are many of these separate bodies which are left quite to themselves to work without any real executive supervision and have only a nominal relation to the President, but are, within certain limits, a law unto themselves so far as Congress permits. I have known the President to be embarrassed by the insistence of one of these bodies on its independence. It is not denied that these bodies do good work, nor that the men composing them are able and sincere. In naming some of them

it is not intended in the least to select them for criticism, but merely to state what such bodies are. There are, for example, the inter-State Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, the Tariff Commission, the Civil Service Commission, the Shipping Board, the Printing Office, and others. None of these is organically related to any department. None is represented by any Cabinet member at the National council board. Each is a separate, independent unit, not integrally related to the National organization. Each is supposed to report directly to the President, as if, quite apart from this, that overburdened officer had not already more than he should be required to carry. As a matter of fact, at least one President turned over communications from these bodies largely, if not wholly, to his secretary, and one suspects that others must do likewise, for their reports and correspondence are such that no President could himself handle them in detail. Each of these bodies should be definitely related to some department whose head should be its representative in the Cabinet. The President should be relieved of a nominal supervision which does not actually exist and which is so impossible as to be farcical.

In all that has been written in this article I have spoken my own individual views, and those only. Nothing whatever has been inspired by any

one. No former associate has been consulted, and I alone am responsible for what is said. Certainly nothing has been written which is meant to depreciate motive or character. There is a certain silly smartness shown at times in writing flippant stories which assume to know the inner purposes that motivate public men, none of whom are assumed to be simply earnest and sincere, doing their work as well as they know how.

I remember a particular conversa-

tion, all too brief, with Mr. Elihu Root one evening on a train returning from Washington. Telling him of some incident, now quite forgotten, in which some public work had gone awry because of distrust, he spoke with vigorous disapproval of what he called "government by suspicion."

There is a great deal of such government, and a great deal more of criticism that is the merest surmise based upon pure prejudice and wholly unrelated to knowledge. All of the

men with whom I had the privilege of association in Washington for over eight years were normal human beings, and therefore liable to err. Omniscience is not, to my understanding, found in any party, still less in any man. Of course men here and there were found weak, some malicious, some even wicked, but, on the whole, men did their work in a sincere purpose to serve, and their faults and failures were those common to humankind.

SUBSTITUTES FOR MOTHERHOOD

BY ETHEL WADSWORTH CARTLAND

WHEN I was a child, I was always delighted to run on an errand to a certain neighbor's house. The house, like the neighbor herself, was handsome, showy, and immaculate. One day I overheard another neighbor say to my mother that our handsome neighbor told her that she would never consent to have her house cluttered up by children. Six children came to our house. But no child ever came to the lovely house across the way.

Big and strong enough to make two of my little ninety-seven-pound mother (still living), yet this neighbor died ten years ago of a broken heart, although married, for the housework crowded out the husband, and the mistake, discovered too late, killed her. She substituted housework for child-bearing.

The substitution of other things for child-bearing becomes continually more prevalent; it is not true that these other things give satisfaction. Recently I received a letter from the principal of a large city high school who, I know, is considered successful in her profession and happy and popular. After thanking me for a former article, she said: "Only God knows the loneliness of the woman with a mother's heart and no children! Outsiders may say that my pupils are my children. How ridiculous! My pupils have their own parents. And to them I am merely a pedagogue at the best, and a jailer at the worst. I always was intended for a mother, and if I could reverse my decision to substitute my profession for children I could wish to have a baker's dozen!"

Even some couples about to marry have everything coldly arranged between them. "It was a year ago today that I was married," stated an acquaintance. "Frank agreed that I was to keep on with my career, and of course children were out of the question. It is always a failure to mix up a career with a family—you don't do either one well. It has gone along beautifully. Frank is happy, and so

am I. If we are satisfied, other people ought to be."

Her last remark may have been made because she saw some doubt expressed on my face. Indeed, such complacency did have a hollow sound to me who gave up my own career years ago in order to have children, and have found so much happiness in the possession of my little ones. If I may believe her, they are both satisfied now. I do not question it; but I do question whether they will both be satisfied ten years hence, when they will be about thirty-five years old, and child-bearing difficult for her to begin at that age. And how about their feelings ten years later, at forty-five? And at fifty-five? And at sixty-five? And at seventy-five? But it is doubtful if she will live to reach that age. The old ladies seem most often to be the ones who have borne children; a few extra years seem to be added to their lives because they have been so extremely useful to society.

On a spring day recently I stood in the studio of an artist friend and gazed around me in admiration. "What a beautiful room! And how you must love your work! My dear, I can hardly wait for the day when my children get big enough so that they don't take all my time. Then I can take up painting again." My friend turned quickly around and, taking both my hands in hers, looked me straight in the eye. "Ethel Cartland, take back every word of that. I paint on canvas—a lifeless daub; you work on five human beings who can never die. When I see you in the midst of your children, I envy you your place in life. I thought years ago that I would never need to bother myself about parenthood and children—my art then seemed so completely satisfying. But we all change with time, and often, these days, I get so hungry for children that I sometimes feel like stealing a baby and running away with it—just as a man elopes with a girl." I gazed at her, astonished. "It's true, Ethel. I could tell you of

scores of girls who have chosen and now suffer as I do. I thought my work more important than love and home, and now my work is all I have, or will ever have—and, Ethel, it isn't enough. Why was I so blind?"

The statistics of the recent alumnae of our colleges and universities illustrate the truth of my friend's confession. Too many of our educated and highly trained young women are not marrying or having children. They are an army of the most wonderful young women the world has ever seen. What potential mothers! The country which possesses such young women is rich beyond computation. But the obscure rôle of motherhood has small appeal for them. Wonderful—yes. But they will not hide the light of their genius in any family circle or pass on any of their remarkable qualities to the upbuilding of the Anglo-Saxon race. These young women live too much in the present, and all the environment of our modern life (with the one old-fashioned exception, the church) impels them to live only in the present and for the present.

How every age has its peculiar fallacy and its peculiar temptation! We progress in one direction, only to lag behind in another. In its demand for speed, comfort, and excitement modern youth cries aghast at nature, "No children! Nine months is too long to spend maturing a child! A year is too long for it to be helpless, and unable to walk or talk! The whole process is too long-drawn-out, too tiresome, too painful, and too inconvenient!" But, alas! nature will not change with the times. She is horribly out of date, and in only a few short years she demands of a care-free generation: "Americans! Where are your children?" How false, then, that easy sophistry that only the present matters, and that anything but parenthood may be the happiest life! We must all finally return to nature's earliest law, that barren women are a vacuum to her.

What a lie it proves to be—that

anything but parenthood is the happiest, or the healthiest, or even the wealthiest life! For it is a fact that many a man and woman have been driven to do the seemingly impossible, heroic thing in life when urged on by the thought of helpless, needy little ones at home. It needs only to be stated that with normal parents every additional child is another source of joy, an added reason for observing all the laws of physical hygiene, and an added incentive to gain, save, plan, achieve, and aspire. Recently a physician wrote me as follows: "After thirty years of experience as a general practitioner, in the best of positions to know the effect of intentional childlessness on the human system, this is what I am telling my patients: 'Have your children while you are young. You will not escape suffering. It is almost a certainty that if you do not I shall be called in later on for something far more serious, and often it is an incurable trouble which will spoil the rest of your lives. Nature is best. You cannot get ahead of her.'" I shall never forget the words of an old doctor of forty years' practice who was attending me at the birth of my second child. The second morning he arrived with a frown on his brow. "There is a certain woman patient of mine," he said, "who is very angry with me this morning. She insists that I leave my other patients and run and tend on her. Why didn't she behave herself and have a family years ago? She is getting now just what all folks get who defy the laws of marriage. They get their suffering just the same."

Idle women deteriorate—just like idle men. Personally, I have observed that, in the back-country districts where the women are obliged by circumstances to be the greatest workers and the men live a comparatively easy life, those women are far superior to the men. Just the contrary may be observed in our cities. There one will find many women complete parasites, as Olive Schreiner would call them, and the men, generally speaking, superior. Child-bearing is hard work; but women thrive on that. Vigorous women must be busy about something; if it is not something important, it will be something unimportant. And the alert, progressive, industrious type of women (married and single) have dipped into a legion of trivialities since war work ceased among us. Temporarily, they have forgotten that the main labor of women, which dwarfs every other possible employment of their energy, is child-bearing. An old book drops this word of wisdom, "With all thy getting, get understanding." Let no woman deceive herself. An excuse may be found for the poor, the mentally deficient, the physically diseased,

WE have never read a better article on the triumphs of medicine and surgery than

VIVISECTION AND MODERN MIRACLES

By

Ernest Harold Baynes

lover of birds and animals, who knows how to distinguish sentiment from sentimentality. It will appear in The Outlook of July 4.

and those unfortunates who inherit tainted blood or brain for limiting their birth rate, but never yet in all history have there been too many, or even enough, of the children of the mighty. There are farms, ranches, and plantations for a million more right here in our country; and this country would to-day be richer, easier to govern, and happier to live in if they were here. These lost citizens are not here to-day because with every generation since the settlement of this country the birth rate of our native stock has rapidly declined, and is still declining.

Even the substitution of other children will not do. Immigrants have not taken and never can take the place of these unborn children. Our institutions, progress, National health, our very freedom of speech, is to-day endangered because they are not here. No possible efforts can make up for their absence. "And the appalling condition," as the late Theodore Roosevelt wrote to me, "is daily treated with callous levity by the very people who are contributing to it."

The practice of substitution by the individual has become a National characteristic. So that to-day, when we contemplate great National under-

takings, like rebuilding our railways, irrigating our deserts, making permanent our river courses, running our industries, and garnering our harvests, we immediately say to ourselves, "Where shall we get the immigrants to do this hard work?" We do not say to ourselves, "How shall we raise children fast enough to do this hard work?" This substitution will probably not lead to any sensational assault or downfall, but it has already tunneled underground and reached the citadel of our National defense.

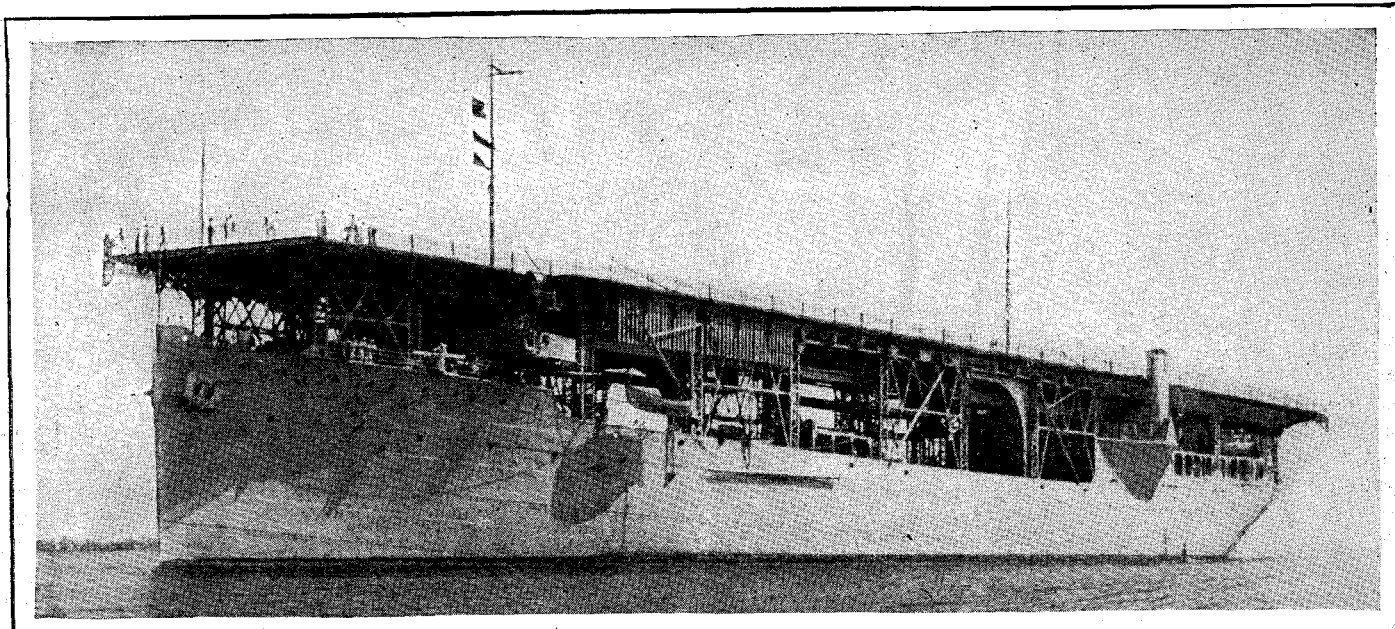
The stark fact remains that, following in the train of the other great civilizations of the earth, there is here the same folding of women's hands, the same shrinking of women's courage, a smaller and smaller birth rate, that spells the same finale—National decay.

Woman is the living link in the chain of earth's generations. There can be no other. When woman shall fail, extermination is at hand.

We have thrilled at the thought of "The Man Without a Country;" have we ever thrilled at the thought of "The Woman Without a Child"? Have we ever realized that without our patriotic service in child-bearing our country will soon be without men? If we women do not bestir ourselves and change the shallow types of service now in vogue, our country will indeed soon be without citizens of Anglo-Saxon blood. Our flag will soon be borne only by alien hands.

It is not fair that the painted dolly-girl of the movie stage should displace the mother of Lincoln. Let sentiment take a back seat, and let reason now come forward. While our women sentimentally continue to worship the outward appearance maternity must decline. For without that sacrifice no leaders or heroes can be born into the world.

The children of the mighty are not clubs, or tea parties, or institutions of any kind; they are not buildings, bridges, statues, or anything material; they are not clinics, or rostrums, or editorial chairs, or summer camps; they are not uniforms, or money, or social position; nor are they doves' nests, or cozy-corners, or casinos. The children of the mighty are mighty children who in coming years will make this Nation mighty, and they are the only ones who can ever do so. You American women who are not willing to be mothers—you have not yet worked with God. You do not know the day of your visitation. The price of your substitutes for motherhood is the loss of the position of highest, although unrecognized, honor, the making and the molding of the coming Americans—a privilege to which a queen could not descend and to which the women from other lands now among us will joyfully aspire.



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

THE U. S. S. LANGLEY, FIRST AIRPLANE CARRIER IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY, WHICH HAS RECENTLY PUT TO SEA FOR A SERIES OF TESTS AND EXPERIMENTS IN CONNECTION WITH DEVELOPMENT WORK FOR THE NEW CARRIERS NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION

A MYSTERY SHIP—CHALLENGER OF SEA AND AIR

BY REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM A. MOFFETT

CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF AERONAUTICS OF THE NAVY DEPARTMENT

CAN you picture in your mind's eye a highway bridge mounted over the deck of a steamship and covering it from stem to stern? If so, you have a fairly accurate impression of the latest word in naval architecture in the United States Navy.

The U. S. S. Langley, which only recently made her maiden voyage, is the first and for the present the only aircraft carrier in our Fleet. She is an experimental ship—a mystery ship, she has been called—and her mission is partly to solve the problems incident to maintaining a large air force at sea as a strong aggressive arm of our Navy. The first cruise of the Langley, which was begun early in January, was undertaken with the end in view of solving these problems.

Leaving Hampton Roads, she proceeded to Pensacola, Florida, where she engaged in a series of tests and experiments which will be taken advantage of in design and construction on the new aircraft carriers now building.

Sixty years ago a strange craft steamed out of the Elizabeth River into Hampton Roads. The Confederate Merrimac was at that time a forerunner of the gray-clad battleships which to-day form the backbone of the Fleet. The pages of history tell us of the havoc she wrought amid the Federal Fleet at anchor off Fortress Monroe. When the Langley steamed out of the Elizabeth River and proceeded to sea, she passed down the line of the Atlantic Fleet of battleships anchored on this same historic spot. Certainly

no stranger contrast was offered between the Federal frigates of the sixties and the ungainly Merrimac as she carried out her work of destruction among these proud ships of the line than the contrast between the grim and powerful dreadnoughts of the At-



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

COMMANDER KENNETH WHITING, U. S. N.,
EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER LANGLEY

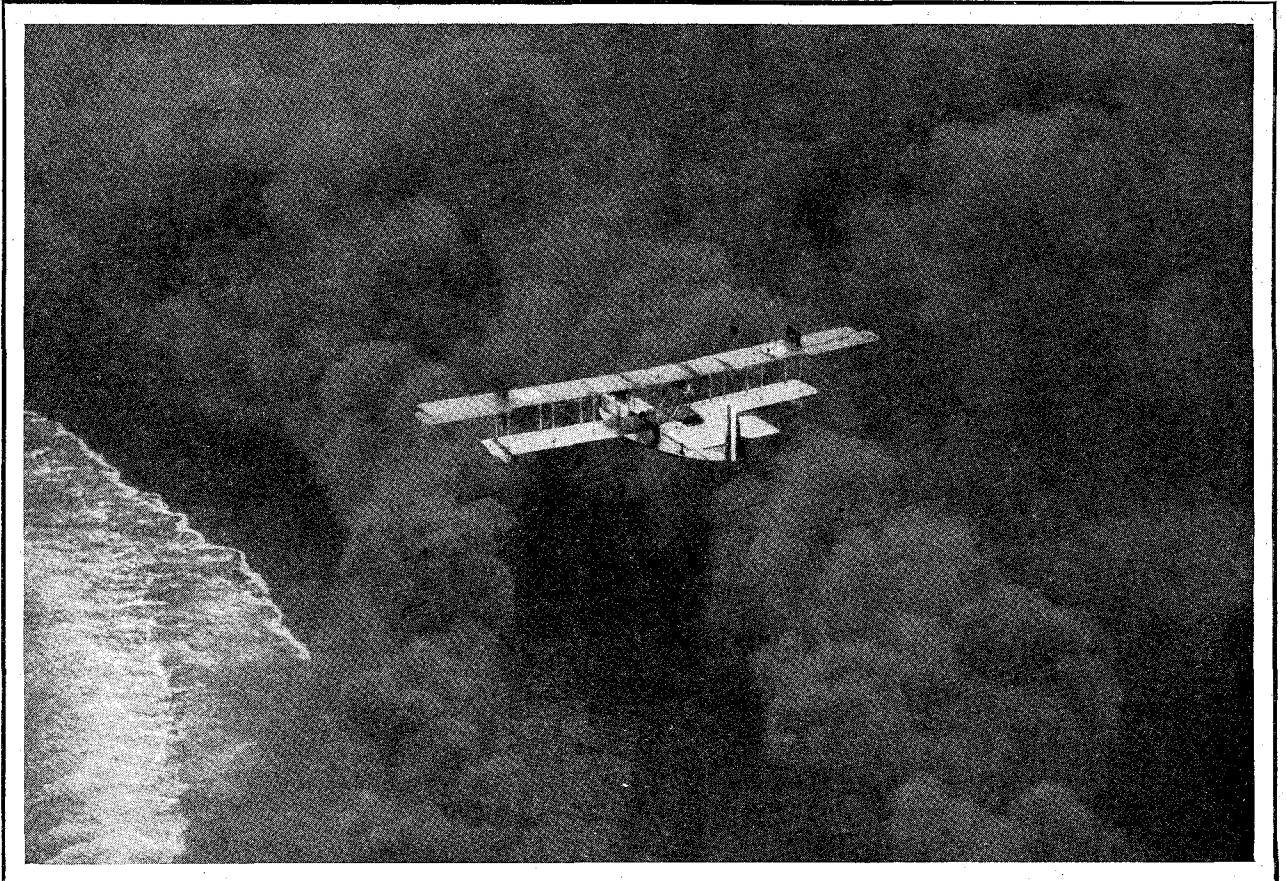
Commander Whiting was in charge of the first armed force of the United States to reach France after the declaration of war against Germany, being the first Naval Aeronautical Detachment, which arrived in France June 5, 1917. Later he was in command of the largest seaplane station in Europe, at Killingholme, England, a United States Naval Air Station operating against the German High Seas Fleet and the German submarines in the North Sea

lantic Fleet and this weird contraption of half boat and half bridge which comes as a new challenger of the sea and of the air.

It required little stretch of the imagination to picture these types in the strife for mastery—the battleship belching forth tons of metal at an elusive high-speed target which, it may develop, can run out of range of the enemy guns at will, and at the same time launch a cloud of planes into the air, each plane freighted with death-dealing missiles. And still another flight of planes would leave the carrier, each carrying a torpedo to be borne towards the enemy at a speed more than twice that of the fastest express train and then dropped within a range that will insure its hitting the target. Meanwhile those wasps of the air, the combat planes, would keep a watchful eye on their more unwieldy companions, protecting them against attacks from enemy aircraft which the bombers and torpedo planes are unsuited to meet on equal terms.

Surely such a picture is not overdrawn. Battleships undefended, it is true, have been sunk by bombs dropped from aircraft. Torpedoes have been launched from airplanes at battleships in practice maneuvers in our fleet and have found their mark, and planes are daily taking off from and landing on the decks of airplane carriers. We use the plural, for it is not well to forget that of these craft Great Britain has six at the present writing and Japan is pressing similar types to completion.

The airplane carrier has presented



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

NAVAL SEAPLANE ON SEARCH SCOUTING ABOVE SMOKE SCREENS MADE BY DESTROYERS TO SCREEN THE MOVEMENTS OF THE FLEET. AIRCRAFT MAKE THESE HUGE CANOPIES OF SMOKE INEFFECTIVE

many and divers problems to the best minds among naval designers and aeronautical experts of the present time for solution. And in the interest of accuracy it must be said that the complete and final solution of all of these problems has not been found, else the work of the Langley would be at an end and she would be headed for the graveyard of the obsolete. For the Langley is recognized as an experimental craft. Her status as such was fixed by international agreement in the Conference on Limitation of Armament when her tonnage was excluded from the 135,000 tons of aircraft carriers allowed this country and Great Britain. In this capacity she is operating at the present time as a floating experimental laboratory.

What are these problems which have to do with the placing of a mobile air force on the high seas to co-operate with the surface ships in denying passage to an enemy on the sea or in the air? Briefly, they are these:

Aircraft must be carried in large numbers within the confined limits of a ship. Facilities for repair, overhaul, and upkeep in the form of shops for wood, fabric, and metal working must be included in the equipment of the vessel. Means must be provided for efficiently and speedily transferring the planes from the stowage spaces to the flying-deck. Similar means must provide for keeping the flying-deck clear of planes by transferring them below to the stowage spaces

as quickly as they land on the carrier. The planes when landing on the deck must come to rest in comparatively narrow limits, and to accomplish such landings retarding gear must be designed which will arrest the speed of the plane and bring it to a full stop within a few feet.

Then there is a device for literally hurling the planes into the air. This is the so-called catapult, and by means of it seaplanes are shot at high speed from the deck of the carrier. Land planes take off from a standing start by running along the deck for the full length of the ship and rising into the air as they attain flying speed. Landing a plane on the deck of a carrier is a feat to test the daring and skill of the most seasoned pilot. From an altitude of a few hundred feet the deck of the Langley appears incredibly small. A postage-stamp on a very large envelope furnishes a descriptive comparison of this deck in an expanse of sea. And yet a thousand miles at sea it is by far the most inviting spot to head for, and for the pilot who is initiated it is all in the day's work.

For a brief interval the pilot hovers in his plane over the carrier, and then, when the signal comes from below that all is well, he swoops toward the stern, handling his plane with an almost uncanny instinct, a perception and a skill little less than marvelous. Not only is it a case of guiding this rushing demon of the air to an accurate landing on the smallest conceivable land-

ing-field, but the field itself is in motion in three planes, and a sudden roll, pitch, and swell not anticipated may spell disaster. Then, too, as the plane approaches the deck it must combat all manner of adverse and uncertain air currents which are set up by the gases from the smoke-stack and the eddies of air which swirl about the sides and stern of the ship.

The skilled pilot meets these difficulties with a happy combination of keen wits and high courage, and in a twinkling he has touched the deck and come to rest while a hundred willing hands are ready to assist him to alight and wheel the plane out of the way of the next landing. Meanwhile a photographic record by ultra-rapid motion picture has been made. It will later be studied in the laboratory on board and every motion of plane, ship, and landing gear will be analyzed.

A high tribute is due the men who are carrying on this work for the Service to which they have given their lives and for the country to which they have pledged their honor. They can never be rewarded in material things, but only in the sense of accomplishment that is their daily portion. Their work is inspired by the high purpose of men who have undergone the supreme sacrifice.

The first man to land a plane on the Langley was the late Lieutenant-Commander Geoffrey De C. Chevalier, who was killed in an airplane accident at Hampton Roads in November, 1922.

Chevalier was the senior flight officer attached to the Langley, and was succeeded in that position by Lieutenant-Commander V. C. Griffin, who was the first officer to fly off the deck of the carrier. Chevalier was one of the most popular and aggressive officers in naval aviation, and his work is largely responsible for the development that has gone forward to date. His death was not only felt as a severe loss in the wealth of experience and knowledge which he possessed; it had a depressing effect on the entire ship's company, for Chevalier was loved by the men who served under him and by his brother officers.

A spirit of "carry on" has been responsible for all worthwhile achievement, and nowhere is this fact better exemplified than in aviation. A short time after Chevalier's death Commander Kenneth Whiting, one of the pioneers of naval aviation and the present executive officer of the Langley, carried out the first catapult launching from the deck of the ship and piloted the plane. The effect on the ship's company was electrical, as an antidote for the gloom which had been caused by the passing of a shipmate. A few months ago Lieutenant Frank Fecteler, a member of the Langley complement, met his death in an airplane crash at Detroit.

If you chance to visit the Langley, you will see tucked in the strips on the ward room bulletin-board the little black-rimmed notes of appreciation from the loved ones of these brave men for the sympathy extended by their shipmates. And their memory is enshrined. But think not that you will find a spirit of sadness abroad in the ship. Here is a good-fellowship, co-operation, and high purpose in work that is worth while—a man's work to fire the imagination and give that tingle of adventure which will ever have a lure for brave spirits.

The organization of the personnel of an airplane carrier is a detail which has called for the experience of men trained to the habits and customs of the sea. In that sense the carrier is a mobile air base with highly specialized personnel trained to the technical duties of pilots, aviation mechanics,

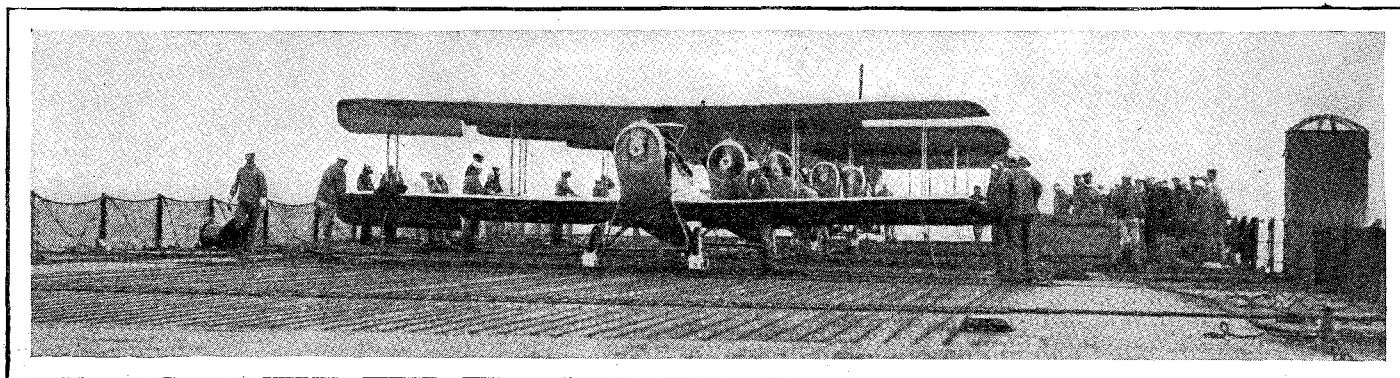
aviation riggers, radio operators, and the like. It is primarily and essentially, however, a naval ship which must take the sea and keep the sea, and the men on board must be none the less seamen for having mastered the air. It is this happy combination which has enabled the Langley to put to sea as a carrier and readily meet the problems arising out of her dual character. There is no duplication of personnel. The pilot steps from the plane and as officer of the deck commands the ship. Your aviation rigger is as much at home dangling in a bowline over the ship's side or aloft as he is in the intricacies of the wires, struts, and fabric of an airplane.

As for the ship, the Langley was originally commissioned as the U. S. S. Jupiter in 1912, was the first electrically driven ship in the Navy, and was used as a fleet collier. Her conversion to an airplane carrier was authorized by Congress in 1919, but it was not until the autumn of 1922 that she was finally completed. Her conversion was effected principally by the construction of a flying-deck over the entire ship and by the conversion of the former bunker spaces of the collier into stowage holds for aircraft. An elevator for lifting the planes to the flying-deck and carrying them below for stowage is secured flush with the flying-deck and forms a part of it when the deck is rigged for flying on and off. On the starboard and port sides of the deck are nettings in which the ground personnel keep clear of planes which are landing or taking off and where they remain in readiness to assist with the handling of them. The masts are telescopic and can be lowered below the deck. The smoke-stack is rigged out from the side, below the flight deck, and is so arranged that the gases may be discharged to starboard or to port in order to permit them to be discharged to leeward and prevent as far as possible the formation of treacherous air currents over the stern. In the stern of the vessel a large net is spread which is designed to catch any pilots who happen to make a bad approach and would otherwise go careening into the officers' living quarters or overboard.

This is the manner of craft that created a mild sensation among Atlantic coastwise shipping as she made her way south on her maiden voyage. Curious merchant steamers altered their course in order to come close aboard and view this peculiar craft, and curious glances through binoculars swept her from end to end. And when she first put to sea curiosity was not confined to other ships. Few there are in the Navy who had not looked her over as she was in the process of conversion and gravely wagged their heads. "Too much top hamper;" "She'll surely roll over;" and "Wait till a good stiff breeze gets under that deck," were favorite comments. And the officers and men attached to the ship were just as curious to know what kind of a sea boat she would be. They know now, and, if we are to take their word for it, the head-waggers are confounded. Steadier than a battleship; no excessive roll, a little pitch, and there you are.

As a fitting end to the cruise south, and with just a touch of swank to a smart ship, when the Langley was some distance from Pensacola she shot a flight of five planes into the air from her deck. They preceded her to the Naval Air Station by several hours and descended to the landing-field, much to the astonishment of the station personnel. "Did you fly down from Washington?" they were asked. "No, we just hopped off from the Langley; she'll be in shortly." This in a casual, matter-of-fact manner. It's a way they have of doing things.

Just a thought in retrospect. Twenty years ago, in 1903, the first airplane carrier in the world was anchored in the Potomac River. She was a converted houseboat, and mounted on her roof was a queer contrivance of wire and wings. Her skipper, Professor Langley, believed in the face of unbelief. He died a disappointed man, with the jeers of the unbelievers ringing in his ears, when his delicate handiwork, in which he had placed his faith, came to grief. But who is there now to say that he lived in vain, and what thinking man now dares to voice his unbelief in the future of aviation?



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

A SQUADRON OF AIRPLANES LINED UP ON THE FLYING DECK OF THE LANGLEY AND READY TO TAKE THE AIR

QUIET WORDS

BY MIRIAM VEDDER

THE old use quiet words for memories,
All of one color, simple words and slow,
For things that have been, have been long ago.

Chances as slight as thistle-down, and sorrows
That tore their souls, and fears and ecstasies:
The old use quiet words for all of these.

So, not for hungry hours, distraught surrenders,
Beauty like flame, remorse again, and tears,
Will you, a long time after, name these years.

The old use quiet words. You, too, will say,
"That fall I bought my blue and yellow plate . . .
One rainy night the stage came past too late. . . ."

OH, MY SON!

BY LADD PLUMLEY

BACK in a mountain region not a thousand miles from New York City is the most secluded valley to be imagined. Without verbally lifting their wooded green tops, the hills on both sides cannot be called mountains, but they are broken in contour and very beautiful. There is but a limited population. Birds, woodchucks, chipmunks, trout, chub, and suckers are plenty, while in the non-fishing and non-boarding season the number of humans within a few miles of the little church cannot be greater than some twenty-five "souls," to use the word of statistical records, though why "souls" is difficult to understand; bodies would seem a better fit for some I know. But twenty-five is not a large number for so considerable an area as our portion of the secluded valley, possibly something like three-quarters of a soul for each square mile; a sufficient paucity in souls, so that their qualities jut out very clearly, far more clearly than such qualities show themselves in a big city.

Eve Blackman, who does some of the "boarder wash," as she calls it, as a soul cannot be confused with other souls. As Eve said of herself when she told me the news about the sheriff's son Ferdie, "Don't ye be thinkin' there's a galoot, man or woman, in this town nor in th' world that's a bit like me." This in her deep, masculine voice, fit for ordering a regiment into action or for calling to order a Bolshevik meeting in Madison Square Garden. The conventional Eve is a slim, pale-faced woman; our Eve is tall, full-faced, bulging of breast, and about as modest as a heifer.

"No, there ain't nobody who's like me! Most likely ye says, 'Fer that, O Lord, be truly thankful!' An' th' wash. Two dozen ez one fifty. Thanks. And *you* ought ter be thankful. Dirty! Some of them pieces! Ez ef ye'd crawled round in th' mud in yer underclothing. Seems ez ef trout fishin' be drefful nasty work. An' I'll jes' take them things an' lay 'em up on yer bed. Needn't be scared I'll monkey with yer duds. I'm honest, I be, an' I tells th' world so. An' ain't it jes' fearful 'bout Sheriff Hadley's son Ferdie? When I think of it, I'm drefful thankful my two be gals, though they ain't 'zactly prizes in th' way of gals. But ef I had 'em over ag'in, an' th' angel of life consulted me, which he sure ought ter do with wimmen, I'd say, 'Angel, let 'em be gals.' Ye kin manage young skirts a heap better than ye can short pants. Fer one thing, ye kin tag 'em or hev 'em tag ye. Boys be generally two mile and a half from where ye thinks they be. An' ez fer sinful doin's, sittin' right in when ye thinks they're fifty mile away from Satan. An' a man can't bring up boys, an' Ferdie be th' sheriff's only failure."

I had heard a rumor about the sheriff's son, but only a rumor of a kind. So after Eve had carried up my clothes and returned, I said: "Abe Linwood hinted in his careful way that Sheriff Hadley's Ferdie had done something wrong." I added: "I didn't get the facts. Abe is the most cautious man with his tongue I ever knew."

"He be," agreed Eve. "When th' Day of Judgment comes, the feller on the big white throne won't git enough

out of Abe ter fix him ez a sheep or a goat."

"And Abe only said that he'd heard that Ferdie Hadley was accused of doing something wrong out at the Eddyville post-office."

"He's al'ays been devil wild," said Eve. "Spoiled clean through. His ma died when he was jes' outen his cradle; th' sheriff's been pa an' ma. Wild an' handsome. Though I says, handsome is ez handsome does. An' Abie put her mild; he al'ays softens things. 'Somethin' wrong'! Ferdie's been pustmaster at th' Eddyville pust office fer three year, sin' he married Jeanie Gleason. Got a heap more in Jeanie than he deserved. His pa got him made pustmaster. Th' sheriff's got a big pull. An' boast 'bout Ferdie! Ef ye didn't know better, ye'd think there never was sich a son. He's been jes' lunny 'bout that handsome scalawag."

"But what's Ferdie done now?" I asked. The now was natural, for notwithstanding the sheriff's high opinion of his only child, summer after summer I've heard "things" about Ferdie. Back to when he was in his early teens, when he set fire to the church sheds, and, although everybody knew he did it, his father never acknowledged it. And since he married I heard that he had mistreated his young wife, so that she returned to her home. But his father patched that up, as he always managed to patch up his son's misdoings.

"What hasn't he done?" asked Eve. "But you know."

"But *now*?" I reminded her again.

"Ever sin' he's been pustmaster he's been takin' money from th' mails,"

said Eve. "That's what th' Eddyville 'Inquirer' says. It's out yesterday. An' slick! Never could catch him, till lately. Seems a farmer what lives over beyont Eddyville sends a ten-dollar bill ter a Chicago mail-order house. Th' bill ez stolen, an' th' farmer complains ter Washington. There's been plenty of complaints. An inspector is sent on, an' he gits several ter send money, an' he marks th' money. He's a detective man. An' he hides hisself in th' Masons' rooms over th' pust office. An' he bores a hole in th' floor an' in th' ceilin', right over th' part of th' store which is th' pust office. An' he sees Ferdie openin' letters an' pastin' 'em up. And he sees him cabbage some of them bills."

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed. "It will just about kill Sheriff Hadley!"

"Jes' 'bout," agreed Eve. "That's th' trouble with a spoiled son."

"And what have they done with Ferdie?" I asked.

"Th' detective goes down from th' Masons' rooms, an' he's got a key he's had made. It's late in the evening and th' pust office be locked up. Th' detective opens th' door an' sneaks in, but Ferdie hears him. He's got a gun; he's al'ays carried a gun, I guess, sin' he was a kid. He shoots at th' detective. Gits him right through th' arm. But th' detective must hev had sand, an' he jumps on Ferdie. There's an awful fight. But th' detective gits th' handcuffs on Ferdie. He's in th' county jail, which his pa is boss of. Lots of proof now, the paper says, he's done a heap of stealin'."

"Horrible, horrible for the sheriff!" I exclaimed.

"Jes' so. An' I says, ez I said before, giv' me gals—ef I has ter hev anything! Thank th' Lord, all that's way behinst me now."

The auto stage, with the daily mail, comes into the valley about five o'clock, and while Will Carleton, or Will's wife, is sorting out the mail there is a general valley gathering on the porch of the store, which extends along the north side of the building, or on the lawn under the trees. Here cows are bartered, hay deals consummated, fishing stories told by the boarders, and, if you have eyes for such things, you can read the beginning and sometimes the middle chapter of an up-valley romance. A pretty blush, perhaps, on the cheeks of Ruth Glendenning, as awkward but good-looking Basil Andrews is overheard to say, "If you'll only let me, Miss Ruth, after you get the mail, I'll carry your basket for you. Got somethin' I want to ask your brother."

It takes no expert in things of the heart to know, as Basil's face is seen close to Ruth's brown head and pink cheeks, that he will soon have a much more important question for her than

the one he will walk a mile beside her to ask her brother. But on the evening when all the details concerning Ferdie's thievery and imprisonment came out none of us had interest for such things as valley romances. A knot gathered below the porch under the big sugar maple. And I hovered on the rim of the circle, where I could hear everything that was said. It was the opinion of all, including myself, that his son's crime would about kill the sheriff.

"Proudest man 'bout on earth," said Lew Stanley. "Ain't a prouder man anywhere. An' twicet sheriff fer th' county! Second term now. And never a thing against him sin' he entered politics. An' successful! Ain't a man anywhere has had better luck and deserved better. We all know how it's a sayin' all 'bouts and 'way beyond th' State line, 'Ez honest ez Sheriff Hadley.' And we all know it's true. Ain't a dishonest drop of blood under his skin. Then think of it! His son—th' boy he's al'ays been so proud of, an' so blind about! His only son! His only child! And in th' county jail what his pa has charge of! Think of Sheriff Hadley lookin' at th' prison keys an' sayin' to himself, 'There's th' key what locks my son inter prison.' Think of that! But Ferd was spoiled. There's been nothin' too good for him."

"Where is the sheriff?" I asked. "Is he over at the county town?"

"I hear Martha Parsons tell—she works for the sheriff ever sin' his wife died—he's to home," replied Lew. "And speak of th' devil—only it doesn't fit. Blast me! If he isn't coming for his mail! Look! Look!"

Those of us turned who didn't face the road and the direction of the sheriff's house, which was one of the two buildings between the store and the church. Stiffly, and with the slight limp caused by his rheumatism, the sheriff was indeed coming. And while the news concerning his son was fresh, that he should care to face his neighbors seemed strange, yet, knowing him as I did, I thought I understood. It was like Sheriff Hadley. It was pride of a high degree which would bring him to the post office on this afternoon. He wouldn't acknowledge to himself that his son could be guilty, or that there was any reason for feeling disgrace. But as he came nearer we could see that in appearance his face was older, much older, than any of us had seen it before. I had never thought of him as an aged man; this day wrinkles that I had never noticed furrowed his cheeks and his forehead.

Nat Cummings, and indeed his two brothers, are what Eve calls "shy of furnishings in their front garret." We never know what one of the Cummings boys may say. And as the

sheriff, his backbone straight as a hoe handle, comes across the grass between the road and the maple, Nat pushes forward and in his tongue-tied voice says: "Turrible thing, Sheriff! Turrible fer ye ter hev ter shet up Ferdie in th' jail. Folks says I'm softy in th' head, but that's a sight better than shet up in jail. An' how be Ferdie, anyhow?"

"He's fine," replied the sheriff in his clear voice. "And, Nat, if a young man is innocent and is imprisoned unjustly, a few days or weeks in a county jail is nothing. And, men, I'm glad Nat here has opened up his mouth. Gives me a chance to say something to everybody. Of course I've had a much better opportunity to know the facts than others have had. And I, as well as my son, have our political enemies. Everybody must know that. And by this frame-up on Ferdie they thought they'd get me in a tender place. But—pooh! He's innocent. That will be proved in good time—at the trial. Meantime, neighbors, if any one has dirt to throw on Ferd, let him step right forward. I'm on deck, and you all know *me!*"

That summer I spent July and August in the valley, and the trial of Ferdie came on in the latter part of August, the case being tried at the county seat. At the beginning of the trial I was present, and daily thereafter heard from others most of the details. Sheriff Hadley obtained one of the best lawyers of the region to defend his son, and every effort possible was made to prove a conspiracy against a young man who long before the trial began was regarded quite unanimously as guilty and already convicted by those who knew him. And I was told by those who were present that it was the general opinion in the court-room that Ferdie would be sentenced to a long term in a Federal prison. The Government had piled up evidence against him—evidence which could not be pushed aside. There was proof in abundance that time and time again he had robbed the mails. But it was told how hour after hour and for several days the sheriff sat beside his son's lawyer as the evidence against the prisoner was made stronger and stronger, the old man's head held high but his face seared with lines of despair.

The weeks since his son had been held prisoner in the jail of which his father was responsible had changed a vigorous old man to one who seemed many years more aged. Even his hair, which when I saw him in early July was but iron gray, was now pure white.

When the evidence against Ferdie was all in, only a person bereft of his reasoning powers could have believed the prisoner would not be declared guilty. On the following day the

prosecutor was to sum up, and the case would then go to the jury.

When I am staying in the valley I board with Mrs. Dill, who can accommodate but three or four in her house besides herself and her daughter. She lets me occupy a room which is in an extension over the kitchen. It has two windows to the south and one to the east, the latter facing the church and the sheriff's house beyond. And on this night, and some time near midnight, I was awakened by Mrs. Dill, who, knocking at my door, said: "Something's happening over ter th' sheriff's. Seems like some kind of a row. Shoutin's an' sich!"

I pulled on my clothing, hurried down the stairs, and hastened by a short cut toward the sheriff's house. And before I got near I heard shoutings myself. It was a still, clear, starlit night, and as I came nearer I could see a head out of a rear window of the sheriff's house. Below were two men, and an auto was standing out in the road—I could see its lights.

"I've told you twenty times, Sheriff, that I can't believe you!" shouted an angry voice. "We've searched the barns—he isn't there. And I've listened long enough to you. We're going to get into the house and make a search."

Shouted back the sheriff from the window: "I tell you, Mason, he isn't here. You're making a fool of yourself. And, Mason, you're getting in pretty deep with me. Just remember that I appointed you as deputy. If this doesn't go further—well, I'll try to forget it. But, Mason, if you're wise, you'll leave my place, get into your car, and continue your search elsewhere."

"I can't believe you, Sheriff!" repeated the deputy. "And as deputy sheriff of this county, and personally in charge of the county jail, I demand the right of searching your house, Hadley. I'm not forgetting, sir, that you appointed me as your deputy, nor am I forgetting my oath as to doing my duty. I asked before, but now I demand the right of searching your house."

For a few moments there was the silence of an August night in the country; I heard the katydids in the trees around the house and the swish of the trout river at the bottom of the valley. Then came the clear, stern voice of Hadley: "Demand, Deputy Mason, and be damned to you! And you probably don't need to be told that if you break into my house you do it at your deadly peril. As the sheriff of this county—"

"Cut that, Hadley!" exclaimed the deputy. "Haven't I got what I think is good proof? You must know it. You were the man who in disguise and late this evening opened your son's cell door, gave him a key to the

jail gate, and carried him away in a car."

"Shucks!" exclaimed the sheriff. "Tell it to the marines, Mason. And do you suppose that anybody in this county would ever believe a thing like that about me?"

"We think your son, Ferd, is here," went on the deputy. "And I and Ed Towners are going to try to prove it. I don't want to break into your house, Sheriff, but sometimes we have to do what we don't want to do."

"Mason, may God forgive you!" came the sheriff's voice, and the window went down with a crash.

"Who's there?" asked Mason, turning in my direction, having heard my footsteps. I told him who I was. "Should you have the chance, you're to help the county and the State," he said. "Hadley's son has made a breakaway from the jail. I have good reason to believe that the sheriff fixed up his escape and that Ferdie is here. Ed, one of our wardens, and I are going to break into the sheriff's house. It's a blamed nasty job, but it's sure handed out to me."

Knowing the sheriff as I did, I thought to myself that if I were the deputy I should go slow in entering the house. It was evident the deputy looked upon the matter as I did, and he made his preparations for forcing one of the doors with care, choosing the kitchen door, which was protected by a porch roof from the windows above.

For the next few moments no sounds came to my ears. Then came the crash of heavy blows on the door and the sounds of the splintering of wood. As I learned later, the deputy and his man broke into the door with an ax. Following this, and while the deputy and his man were probably passing through the lower hall, and as I continued to keep my place near a wall that separated the grounds from the fields in the direction of the church, there dropped from a window of the second story at the rear what I believed was the sheriff's son. He slid down the sloping roof of the porch at the back of the house, dropping from there to the ground. And while I was asking myself if it was my duty to shout a warning to the deputy within of the escape of Ferdie he began running swiftly across the fields in the direction of the church, which would take him to a crossroad that climbed into the wooded hills to the south. But Mason and his man had heard the opening of the window and the drop to the roof of the porch and to the ground. Even before the fleeing man had gained much more than a hundred yards, Mason, followed by the other, was out of the house. Mason leaped the wall and raced toward the road, with the evident intention of encircling his man, shouting to the warden, "Follow him across the fields!"

It did not seem to me that I was called upon to take any active part in the chase, and while I kept my place heard the deputy, now far down the road, shout out: "Stop or I fire Stop, I stay! Stop, or I'll put a bullet through you!" And instantly following snapped three pistol shots, making streaks of fire across the fields, one shot following another so quickly that the sound was almost continuous. The chase was now a quarter-mile away and I could see nothing of the three across the fields. I jumped over the wall, but had gone only a few yards when I heard back of me heavy footsteps, as somebody rushed down the steps of the front porch and raced away down the road toward the east.

Meantime I heard the deputy calling to me, and, hurrying across the fields, I came to where something lay outstretched on the ground. The deputy and his man were standing near.

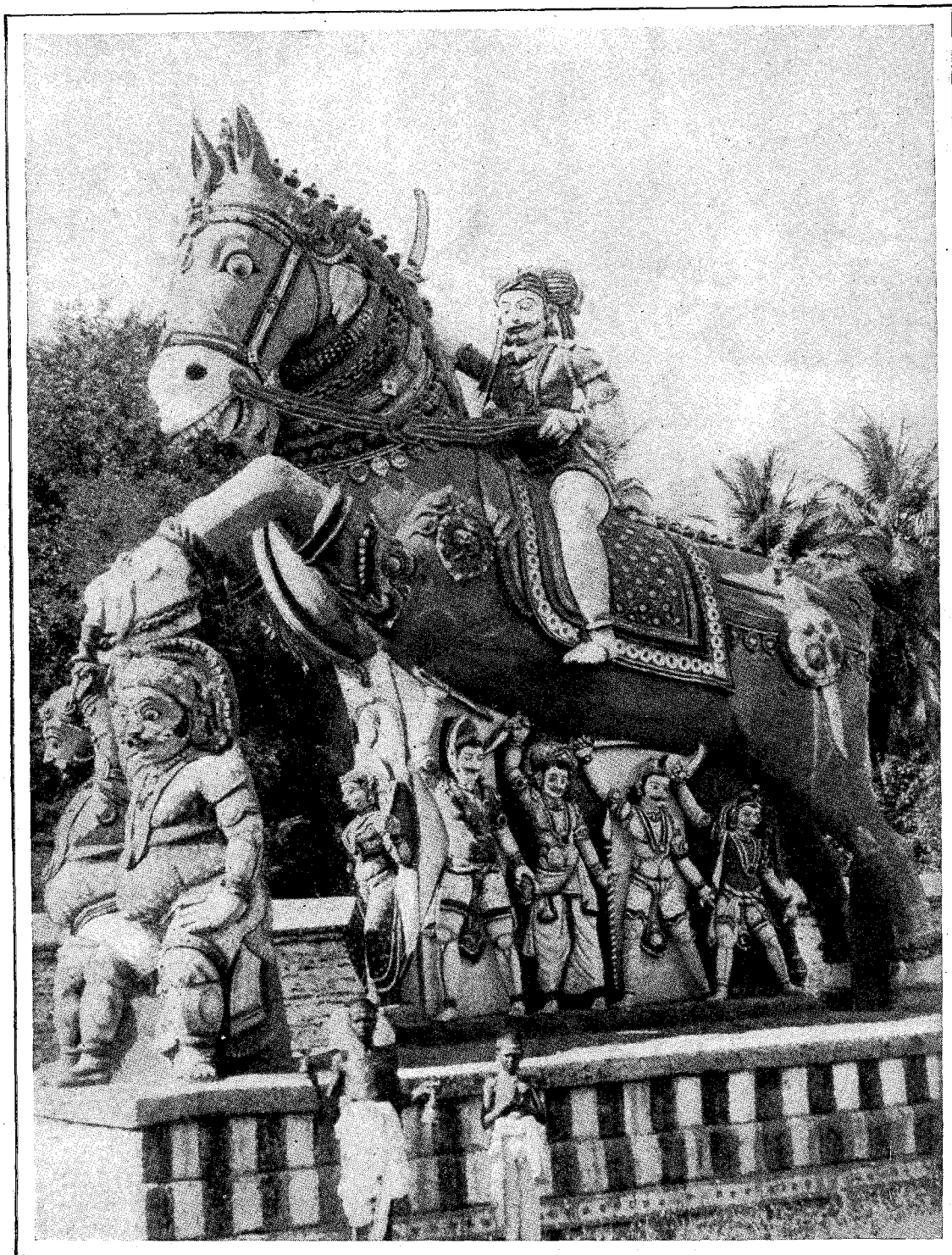
"I have made a terrible mistake, sir," said Mason to me. "A terrible mistake, sir. But, I ask you, sir, how was I to know? You and Ed will kindly stay here. I'll take my car and get a doctor. But I don't think it will do any good. And you will bear witness, sir, that I had every reason to think that it was the escaped prisoner I shot at. He was near the timber, and I thought he would make it. My duty seemed clear."

There were few of the neighborhood who were not at the sheriff's funeral, but it cannot be thought strange that Deputy Mason was not present. He had said to me that night when he returned with Doctor Minot: "Hadley's scheme went through the slickest ever. Did he expect me or Ed to get him? He wouldn't stop, and looks to me he kinder hoped one of us would. Don't think he cared much 'bout living. It's a terrible thing for me, sir, but I thought I was doing my duty. And Ferdie made a clean getaway."

After the funeral Lawyer Morehouse told some of us that at the beginning of the trial the sheriff had placed a sum of money in his hands. Every cent that his son stole was to be paid back with interest. Morehouse also said that Ferdie's wife was left enough to make her comfortable.

When Eve brought my washing again she said: "Jes' ez I gave it before. I mean ez ter raisin' boys. Give me gals! Though I'd be drefful complimentary ter 'em ef I said my two gives what I calls satisfaction. And ain't Eunice Matilda Hadley a lucky woman ter be lyin' peaceful under them red-rose bushes, over ter th' corner of th' graveyard? S'pose she was alive! Gosh almighty! Enough ter curdle her poor brains! An' th' poor sheriff! Ferdie was his only failure."

WE MIGHT BORROW HIM TO HUNT BOLL WEEVILS WITH



THE GOD WHO PROTECTS THE CROPS

A few miles from Madura in South India the Hindus have built this huge god in order that their crops of rice may be protected during the night. The legend states that every night the horse and rider leave the pedestal and ride around the fields, watching the crops and guarding them from robbers. The farmers do not live on their farms, owing to the dangers from the robber castes who are called Kullars. These Kullars steal jewels which are worn by the women. So India is a land of villages, because it is not safe to live on the farms. As this leaves no one near the paddy fields during the night, the Hindu believes that he must build this god for his protection

From Harold Cooper, Columbus, Ohio

THE BOOK TABLE

"SERIOUS" BOOKS AND FICTION

BY ARNOLD MULDER

THE librarian had made a report showing that the reading of "serious" books was on the increase and that the number of novels passed out during the year had fallen off. A good friend and excellent citizen congratulated me as a library trustee. "Splendid showing!" he cried; "that's what you library trustees should strive for, encourage the reading of serious books"—by which he meant non-fiction. And he looked astonished when I asked him, "Why?"

But I am asking that question still, and when I see literature classified as "serious books and fiction" my temperature always rises somewhat. And I see the classification made rather often. There are many librarians who seem to think that they have scored when they can show that the reading of "serious" books is on the increase in their towns and the reading of fiction on the decrease. I have read dozens of editorials in newspapers and magazines on the subject. Chautauqua lecturers who wish to prove to their audiences that the American reading public is becoming more thoughtful glibly cite figures about the falling off of novel reading. I have heard ministers treat the same subject from the pulpit, piously exultant that "serious" reading was beginning to be popular; and while listening I have called to mind novels that had more "serious" thought in them and for the writing of which more intellectual force had been required than for any dozen of the theological works in the good pastor's library.

Not infrequently the same thought is expressed in reverse form—some one who despairs of the present generation bewails the fact that "serious" books are no longer read as they were a quarter of a century ago, that all that people care for these days is "novels and such trash." We have fallen upon degenerate times, according to these critics, when boys and girls and men and women no longer have the intellectual stamina to attack a "serious" book, but must have novels to hold their attention.

There seems to be a widespread assumption that it is somehow laudable to read books of non-fiction and not so laudable to read novels. A great many people appear to have the notion that books of non-fiction will improve the mind, while novels are merely for enjoyment or to kill time.

It took Samuel Butler about twenty years to write his one novel, "The Way of All Flesh," while his "serious" books were turned out at the rate of

approximately one a year or one in two years; but, with the exception of perhaps "Erewhon," I would rather be the author of "The Way of All Flesh" than of all the other Butler books put together, and that in spite of the fact that the authorship of any one of several of them would be honor enough for any man. To dismiss "The Way of All Flesh" as not being "serious" reading and to apply that term to, say, an article in an encyclopædia that a comparatively low form of artistic intelligence can construct is ridiculous on the face of it. Only one man in a hundred million can write "The Way of All Flesh;" almost any one who can construct an English sentence and who has patience enough to plod through masses of statistics and facts can write a "serious" article, or even a "serious" book of some kind.

I do not at all mean to make light of books of non-fiction. There are of course many that bear the stamp of genius as surely as any novel by a great artist. All I am trying to point out is that the classification of books as "serious books and fiction" is ridiculous, reminiscent of the days when it was still considered immoral to read novels. We have become ashamed of that point of view as narrow-minded, and so a large number of people have shifted from the moral to the intellectual tack in their opposition to works of fiction. Reading should improve the mind, they hold, and hence people should be encouraged to read "serious" books and to let novels alone. As if a fact set down by a dull mind is more serious and has greater potentiality for mental improvement than a subtle observation drawn by a genius from the laboratory of real life and in which he distills in a sentence the wisdom of a generation. The character touches patiently put together by the novelist, by which he evokes a human life that can be put to the test of reality, are just as certainly facts as are the dates in a history or the statistics in a book on political economy. Not that all such touches are facts—there are plenty of novelists who are lying much of the time; but, similarly, there are plenty of writers of history who to a large extent deal in lies, and plenty of political economists who are not to be trusted. The novelist who is an honest man deals with inexorable facts, and no scientist could be more scrupulous than he in his respect for truthful statement.

Do so many people think that novels are not "serious" books because of the old-time identification of beauty with

evil? Does the old notion still stick to us that it is wrong to enjoy what we read? Most people would deny that their attitude toward "serious books and fiction" is based on any such idea, but there can be little doubt that beauty in art is to many well-educated and otherwise highly intelligent people still suspect. They may pay their good cash for roses or violets and feel that they are getting their money's worth in enjoyment out of the sheer beauty of the flowers. Or they may invest three dollars in a ticket to a concert that has nothing but beauty to justify the expenditure—beauty of tone, with no hint of a moral or intellectual quality to complicate it, the mere sensuous delight of "sweet sound." But when these same persons dig up two dollars for a novel, do they feel a little thrill because it is a novel at all—paying out good American hard cash for a mere story book? Do they feel just a little pleasantly depraved? And then do they yield to their Forsytean instinct to get their money's worth by making certain that the novel shall teach something, that it shall contain some infiltration of the substance of "serious" books to justify the expenditure? It would seem so, judging from the popularity of the novelists who, in Mencken's pregnant phrase, are obsessed by the "messianic delusion." If a novel is a strong indictment of the jazz spirit of the age, or a crusade against the Japanese peril in California, or a tremendous plea for eugenics, or a protest against the "spirit of lawlessness rampant in the land," or a plea for a return to the standards of our fathers and mothers, or a discussion of the race peril in the South—if any one of these or of a thousand other "causes" is shown to be treated in the book, the person who classifies books as "serious books and fiction" is more likely to buy it. In other words, the book is bought, not because it is a novel, but in spite of its being a novel. It is of course enjoyed as a novel, but the reader fools himself into the notion that he is improving his mind and that he is not merely reading for pleasure. To read for pleasure alone seems to him a waste of time. He does read for pleasure alone, but he does not admit it to himself. To ask whether a novel is a beautiful work of art seldom occurs to such a reader. That beauty in itself alone and for its own sake can be "serious" seems incongruous, and the analogy between enjoying a beautiful novel and a beautiful piece of piano or violin music does not seem to come to mind.

And the writers know very well the average person's distrust of beauty. The newest of the new schools of fic-

tion writers cater to this trait as much as did the old-time writers of the "novel with a purpose," whom they despise and satirize. Back of every line in the books of some of the "new" novelists is a "purpose," satirically destructive, just as back of every line of the "messianic" school of writers is a "purpose," usually more earnest than beautiful, to save the world and improve the mind of the readers. There are a great many books that pretend to be realistic novels, but that are, after all, in all essential fundamentals, the despised Sunday school story with a "purpose." That the "purpose" is satirical does not change the essential character of such books. Their authors are extremely clever in making sport of the things they don't like. Their powers of mimicry are often very great, and the intelligent reader cannot help but recognize instantly the types the destruction of whom is the "purpose" of the book. Some of these writers are highly talented and they show an "uncanny power," to borrow a blurb phrase, in analyzing what is wrong with America and Americans in this year 1923.

The "purpose" of one of these writers is, let us say, to take the hide off the modern business man, to set forth the poverty of his intellectual equipment, his lack of mental freedom, the slavish subordination of his own mind to the mind of the herd. To a writer with a turn for satire it is a cracker-jack of a theme. It is the old-time "novel with a purpose" in reverse, as it were. And the business man comes out of it, not a human being—one who has the average faults of the modern business man, but also all the surprising qualities that all of us know about in our business friends—but a person who can be definitely labeled Business Man with capital letters. The men we actually know are not exclusively Business Men, a social type that can be conveniently imprisoned between the covers of a book, but a fascinating mixture of the public, private, semi-public, and semi-private characters of which most human beings are made up. But such a picture, built up with all its implications and complications, would confuse the reader who looks for a "purpose" in his fiction; in disentangling the character who is realistically human the reader loses sight of the "purpose," and perhaps many of the items in the character's soul history might even be directly contrary to the satiric "purpose" of the author. So he does what a dishonest scientist might do, he suppresses some of the facts and manufactures other facts; or what the cartoonist does, adds a trifle to the length of Bryan's nose to make his face ridiculous. And the very modern reader of the very modern writer thanks whatever gods he worships (if

any) that he is superior to this slavish modern business man; and he does not suspect, any more than does the writer, that he is a person who reads a novel because of its "purpose," one who is in reality a "throw-back" to the generation that looked upon all fiction as at least faintly smelling of brimstone, one who in his heart of hearts, even when loudly asseverating the contrary, would classify literature as "serious books and fiction."

And when even the school of writers whose real reason for existence is to make sport of all things that the average person outside of the charmed circle holds sacred feels instinctively that it is necessary to put a "purpose" into his book to make it go, it is certain that the distrust of beauty is deep-seated and that even in the "advanced" circles the novel is merely tolerated, a convenient vehicle for the propagation of "serious" ideas. The writers of the modern schools would of course indignantly deny that they are in reality, deep down in their hearts, at one with our good forefathers who thought that it was wicked to read novels; or with a generation of a little later date who shifted the emphasis from the moral to the intellectual basis and felt that it was more improving to the mind to read "serious" books than fiction; but their real complex, as shown in their works, betrays them. The portrayal of a modern business man by the hand of an artist, putting him between the covers of a book without distortion, without sentimentalizing him on the one hand as a modern St. George and without pointing scornfully at him on the other hand as a mental slave and a respectable fool, might conceivably be a very beautiful novel, a distillation of life that might fill a discriminating reader with an intense joy of recognition and artistic re-creation. But large numbers of novel readers would classify it as being not "serious" because there would be no crusade in it. It would merely tell the truth as only a great artist can apprehend the truth, and it would lack that one-sided emphasis that is the bread of life to a propagandist.

And to the person who allows himself to read novels only as a rest from more serious reading—in the spirit in which Woodrow Wilson read detective stories to ease his mind after wrestling with problems of state—such a novel would be anathema. It never occurs to him that there is sometimes more mental development, more real education, in a single novel than in a dozen so-called "serious" books, that some of the greatest thinkers the world has produced have been novelists, that some of the greatest ideas of all time have been expressed in the form of the novel. Nor does he stop to think that there are oceans of

"serious" books that are hardly worth the paper they are printed on, just as there are plenty of novels that are not worth any one's time. All of which merely brings me back to the contention that the classification of literature as "serious books and fiction" is ridiculous.

There is not the slightest merit in the fact that one is reading a "serious" book rather than a novel. The real and only test comes when it is considered what kind of a "serious" book one is reading and what kind of a novel one is reading. There is always more mental and spiritual improvement in a novel by a master than in a "serious" book by an indifferent writer and thinker. There are books worth reading and there are books not worth reading, novels that are "serious" and works of non-fiction that are trash even though they are from the pens of doctors of philosophy.

There is also a very widespread assumption that it is easier to write a novel than a "serious" book, say a scientific work. Which is not at all necessarily true. It is much easier to write some novels than it is to write some scientific works; but as a general thing it is probably harder to write a novel of real distinction than it is to write a scientific work of distinction; and I know that it is infinitely easier to write an article like this than it is to write a short story of even indifferent merit. As a general thing, I believe, the writer of "serious" books does not have to put his mind to the severe discipline that is necessary for the writer of fiction of equal distinction. No hard and fast comparison can from the nature of the case be made, but it is very likely that the novelist expends more intellectual force in the creation of his works than does the writer of "serious" books—that as good a mind, in the intellectual sense, is needed for the former as for the latter.

The readers who despise novels and who take pride in reading "serious" books may dispute this, and there is of course no way of proving one contention or the other. Perhaps the only way any one can convince himself is to try to write even a very indifferent novel that shall be just good enough to pass the "readers" of even the publishing houses whose artistic standards are the lowest. General Grant did not pretend to be a writer, and it was only the shadow of death and the threat of want for his family when cancer should have removed him from the earth that persuaded him to try his hand at authorship. But he finally did achieve a delightful autobiography—which would classify as a "serious" book—that is read with pleasure even to-day, nearly a half a century after his death. But imagine what would have happened if Mark

Twain as publisher had offered Grant \$150,000 for a novel about the Civil War. It is as certain as anything can be that Grant could not have escaped making himself ridiculous; he could no more have written a novel, even a very poor novel, than he could have cured himself of his cancer. Which of course does not prove anything, but it at least illustrates—and that is perhaps the nearest that one can come to proof in a matter of this kind.

Darwin toward the end of his life confessed that he could not read fiction and poetry any more, as he had been able to do in his youth. Darwin was a very intelligent man and also a sufficiently humble man, and he did not jump to the conclusion that because he could no longer read fiction or poetry himself fiction and poetry were therefore not worth reading; he possessed too broad a culture to classify literature as "serious books and fiction." He recognized the fact, perhaps a little sadly, that some faculty of enjoyment in him had been lost during his years of painstaking scientific research. One often reads and hears contemptuous remarks about fiction being light reading, beneath the notice of a man of intellect—strictures passed by persons who have given most of their lives to investigations in some severely circumscribed intellectual field. Their minds are occupied with "serious" things. Oh, perhaps it is all right to read a novel occasionally as a mental rest, but a work of fiction is never to be taken seriously; it is not "serious" reading matter. And sometimes these con-

temptuous intellectuals are content year after year to delve into so-called "serious" books, the writers of whom obtained their material by delving into other "serious" books, and so on *ad infinitum*, and pass by the great novelists who went directly to life for their raw material—life, on which in the end even philosophies must be based if they are to be worth anything. But, instead of taking the cue from Darwin and recognizing honestly that their inability to read books that are not "serious" may be a form of intellectual anæmia caused by failure to exercise certain mental and spiritual faculties they once possessed, they smile contemptuously and give the impression that they have put away childish things and can safely leave novels to young girls in summer hammocks.

The reader to whom books mean something vital will never ask whether a volume before him is a "serious" book or a novel. He will pick up the one as readily and as greedily as the other. He will ask very searchingly if the book to which he is to give his time is the fruit of a vital mind, and if reasonably certain of that he will settle down in his easy chair, hoist his feet up on the piano-stool, first taking the precaution to put a newspaper on it in deference to the ideas of the family's femininity, and lose himself in the intellectual and spiritual throes of re-creation that are the joy and the pain of all real reading. And he will forget that there are people in the world who classify literature as "serious books and fiction."

THE NEW BOOKS

POETRY

SELECTED POEMS. By George Sterling. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$2.

In this volume of 232 pages are collected, from previous books, the poems by which, presumably, George Sterling wishes to be represented. The poems were selected by the author from the output of more than a quarter of a century, during which period Mr. Sterling has made himself a respected figure in the field of his art. It is poetry in "the grand manner," concerned with the eternal enigmas of life and death and destiny and the mystery of the universe. Something of the largeness of the themes is in the accent and the gesture of the poems themselves.

The fashions, both in subject-matter and in method, have changed since Mr. Sterling began to write, and he has felt no compulsion to change with the times. He has not joined in the movement of poetry toward the idiom of natural speech and the subjects of every-day life. In character and method and language his work is nearer to Byron and Shelley than to

any who could be named among his contemporaries.

In profuse imagination and profound music George Sterling's poetry is always richly endowed, and his followers will find in this volume poems that have won a place for themselves with these qualities. And those who like to follow the adventures of a questioning spirit to the borders of the infinite will have an eager and eloquent guide in Mr. Sterling. Moreover, the volume will scarcely fail to impress students of the art with its capable workmanship and artistic integrity.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

AMERICA AND THE ATLANTIC. By Vice-Admiral G. A. Ballard, R. N., C. B. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$5.

Admiral Ballard in this book and in its predecessor (which dealt with the influence of the sea on the history of Japan) has followed out the study introduced by Admiral Mahan in his enduring work on "The Influence of Sea Power." The treatment of this subject by Admiral Mahan was neces-

sarily on the broadest lines possible. Admiral Ballard in his two books follows out the principles involved and the action and reaction of the forces through which sea power affects national history, in the first book as regards Japan, in the second as to America. He studies here, therefore, just what influence as to war, civil development, commerce, and colonial growth the relation of the Atlantic to the countries on its western border has exerted. It is interesting to know that his final summing up lays stress on the fact that the Panama Canal, in joining oceans heretofore divided, is one of the highest material successes of human effort; that on the philosophical side the lead given other nations by the United States at the Washington Conference was nearly of equal value; and that together these two things "suggest that the study of the past influence of the sea on the history of America may in time become eclipsed in interest by that of the future influence of America on the history of the sea."

BIOGRAPHY

MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS. By Oscar Browning. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$4.

Professor Browning, after a long career as historian and biographer, puts forth in his eighty-sixth year this entertaining volume of recollections. They show that he has a keen sense of the lighter side of life, that he enjoyed travel, that he went almost everywhere in Europe and visited India and the Isles of Greece, settling down finally to a permanent residence in Rome. It is delightful to find a man with such experiences and with a lifetime of serious work behind him, writing, with abundant anecdote and pertinent stories, about the notable personages he has met. Music, art, the delights of Italian life, the racial characteristics of many countries, aroused his interest and gave him material for individual views and comment.

MISCELLANEOUS

COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER (THE). By Emerson P. Harris and Florence Harris. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.50.

In the main this is a practical manual of suggestions for the use of publishers and editors of small-town papers. But it is also a wise discussion of the possibilities of such a paper in developing community spirit and advancing the people's prosperity and civic education. The small paper's day has not gone by, as some suppose; it has functions not filled by the big city sheet. It may easily be much more than a recorder of petty personal doings. To find out how to get to his public and interest it in affairs which may be local, but are not at all trivial in their human relations, is what a really intelligent small-town editor must do if he wants his paper to be a leader and not a mere tattler.

THE MAIL BAG

THE PUP OR THE OUTLOOK

I AM in receipt of a notice which informs me that my subscription to The Outlook is about to expire.

I have always wanted to own a white bulldog. It was one of my earliest ambitions—that and to drive a traction engine along a country road. You may imagine that this has nothing at all to do with The Outlook. It has.

The traction-engine hope is gone. They are scarce nowadays, and, to some slight extent, my tastes have changed.

It is a queer thing how misfortune turns to fortune, is it not?

It is odd how a thing which seems overbearingly distressful at the time may in later days appear to have been foreordained as the footstep for a blessing to approach along, isn't it?

Last winter my neighbors (my neighbor, that is—a woman who, being childless, raises cats and calls them by their first names in tender tones) called up the Police Department at midnight to complain of my dog, who was merely sitting down and barking at a full moon. The cops arrived at my door. On the morrow I gave the dog away, much distressed. The woman might have poisoned him. You can't trust a woman who keeps cats and addresses them by their first names.

Thus I was left alone, in winter, in a house large enough for me and many dogs to occupy. Of course I have a wife and child; but they are much away—education being, I am told, a necessary affair for the young.

I visited the city dog pound, having heard that there were several good dogs therein, and fearing lest my dog, Trouble, whom I had given away, might have tried to get back to me and have been taken in. Trouble was not there. There was, however, a brown bulldog.

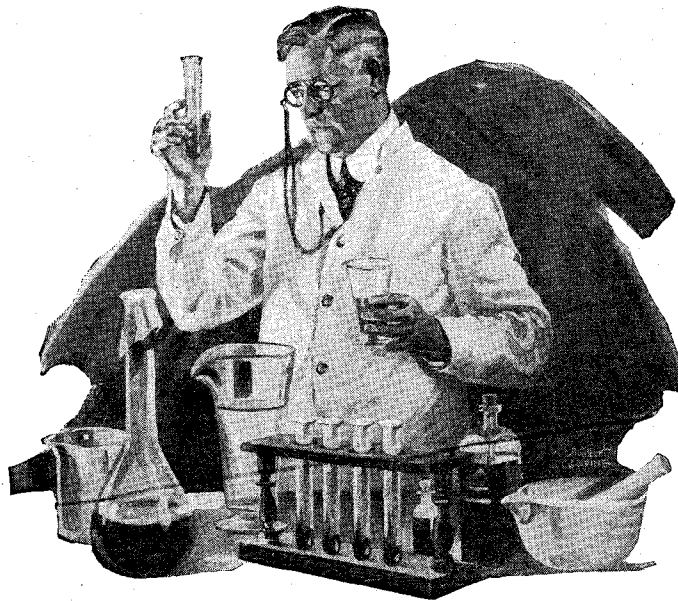
I convinced the dog-catcher that her owner would never come for her; gave him cash to boot, and we came away together.

In my little barn this morning sits the brown bulldog—a lady bulldog. Against her there leans, his two white fists (if a bulldog may be said to have fists) pressed against her determinedly, his nose far buried in the folds of her undersides, a snow-white bulldog pup.

I have beaten the forbidding years!

I have a white bulldog, after over forty years of patient waiting. Never again will I permit any mundane affair to worry me; no more will I grow impatient.

His eyes are just open. Yesterday he was named, and will walk through life with all the haughtiness of his



Five New Ways

To whiter, cleaner, safer teeth—all late discoveries

Dental science has been seeking ways to better tooth protection.

All old methods proved inadequate. Tooth troubles were constantly increasing. Very few escaped them. Beautiful teeth were seen less often than now.

Dental research found the causes, then evolved five new ways to correct them.

The chief enemy

The chief tooth enemy was found to be film—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. Most teeth are thus clouded more or less.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Much left intact

Old ways of brushing left much of that film intact, to cloud the teeth and night and day threaten serious damage.

Two ways were found to fight that film. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring. Able authorities proved those methods effective.

They were embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent, and dentists the world over began to urge its use.

Other essentials

Other effects were found necessary, and ways were discovered to bring them. All are now embodied in Pepsodent.

Pepsodent stimulates the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protector.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

It polishes the teeth so film less easily adheres.

Prettier teeth came to millions

One result is prettier teeth. You see them everywhere—teeth you envy, maybe. But that is only a sign of cleaner, safer teeth. Film-coats, acids and deposits are effectively combated.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

10-Day Tube Free ¹⁰¹⁴

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Only one tube to a family.

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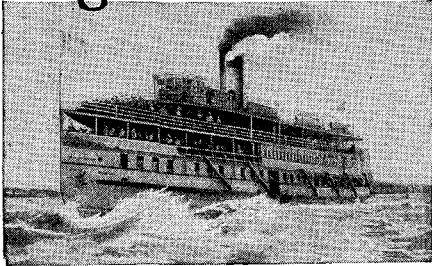
Ten Thousand Lakes of Minnesota Association
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Important to Subscribers

When you notify The Outlook of a change in your address the old and new address should be given. Kindly write if possible, two weeks before the change is to take effect

Niagara to the Sea



Shooting the Rapids

The most satisfying trip in America for health and recreation. Almost 1,000 miles of lakes, rivers and rapids, including the Thousand Islands, the exciting descent of the marvelous rapids, the historic associations of Montreal, quaint old Quebec, with its famous miracle-working Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre and the renowned Saguenay River with its stupendous Capes, "Trinity" and "Eternity," higher than Gibraltar.

Send 2c postage for illustrated booklet, "Niagara to the Sea," including map and guide, to JOHN F. PIERCE, Pass. Traffic Manager, Canada Steamship Lines, Ltd., 121 C. S. L. Building, Montreal, Canada.

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES

THE MAIL BAG (Continued)

square-rigged forebears. He is the "Boatswain."

Now, as regards my subscription to The Outlook.

The Outlook, if you will permit me to say so, was never a dream of my youth. It is a serious paper. I was never so.

Often The Outlook bores me terribly. Sometimes I have been known to give it to the dog to play with. On the other hand, it happens every once in a time that I find an article which, as it were, rises straight from the printed page and smites me in the eye; so that even I am regretfully compelled to be thoughtful for a while. (Confound The Outlook! I don't like to be serious.)

Would you have me go back on the dream of my youth and sell my bull pup?

I cannot afford dog biscuit for him and also my Outlook. One must go.

He may get distemper and die. The woman who keeps cats and calls them by their first names may poison him. Then I will return to my stall and read The Outlook vigorously as before. Till then, how can I give up my Boatswain, for whom I have waited so long? He has brought to me again the funny visionings of early boyhood, when to own such a dog was life's grand ambition. You'll let an old fellow go back to his boyhood, won't you, then?

The Boatswain and I wish you fair winds and a flowing sheet; light wines or other wines when you be in furrin ports, if you desire them; happiness always.

Cheer-oh (isn't it nice to have a white bulldog?). BILL ADAMS.

[The Outlook has assured Bill Adams that his pup is safe for another year.—THE EDITORS.]

THE POISONOUS MONONGAHELA

I HAVE read with interest the article on "The Disastrous Results of Pollution of Our Waters," by David M. Neuberger, under date of May 30, 1923.

I trust you will permit me to call your attention to an error that occurs in the article. The Youghiogheny River is not a tributary of the Allegheny River—it enters the Monongahela at McKeesport, some fifteen miles above Pittsburgh.

The Youghiogheny River is not navigable, but the Monongahela is made navigable by a series of dams. The waters of the Monongahela River are polluted by all kinds of waste. Its waters are green and not potable, except after filtration. The sand, at least from McKeesport down to Pitts-

burgh, has generally a greenish cast and is so polluted that I heard a prominent contractor state that much of it was not suited even for tunnel concrete work, as it took so long to set as to jeopardize the work and possibly render the durability of such concrete questionable. Much of this sand offered was, after analysis, rejected in their business. Turtle Creek, running along the Pennsylvania Railroad for some distance outside of Pittsburgh, is yellow with sulphur waste from the mines.

J. W. MACFARLANE, M.D.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

PLEASE SAY WHEN

YOUR approval of light wine and beer is not only *surprising*, but *astonishing*. Drunkards' graves million after million is the end of that route.

Bootleggers, distillers, and brewers will hail you as a brother.

Yours with disapproval,

J. C. ARMSTRONG.

La Grange, Illinois.

A BRITISHER APPROVES

I AM a Britisher, and have resided in this country for about fifteen years, but I am not in sympathy with our attitude on the present Franco-German relationship. I think your position on the situation is impregnable.

The Outlook is always sane, sober, and just. S. J. B. COLLINS, M.D.

Farmville P. O., North Carolina.

SEA BREEZE HOSPITAL AND THE NEW SEA BREEZE HOME

TWENTY years ago the United States had no seaside hospital for children with tuberculosis of bones and joints.

It was estimated by the New York Board of Health that there were then 75,000 such children throughout the country and from 4,000 to 5,000 children under the age of fifteen in New York City alone, three-fourths of them living in the crowded tenements under conditions which induce the disease.

In 1903 Mr. John Seely Ward, of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, visited Europe and found the French sanatoria had had great success in their treatment of bone and joint tuberculosis by salt-air outdoor life and ample nourishment. The next year a seaside tent camp was opened on Coney Island, the first experiment in America in salt-air treatment for all non-pulmonary forms of tuberculosis of bones, joints, and glands in children. It was a pathetic group of little boys and girls, weak, pale, and emaciated, who went down

to the Sea Breeze Hospital as the first patients in June, 1904. They began an open-air life, being out of doors every moment of the day and night. After a few weeks every member of the group was ruddy and active, enjoying the bathing and sand digging and beginning to feel like a normal child.

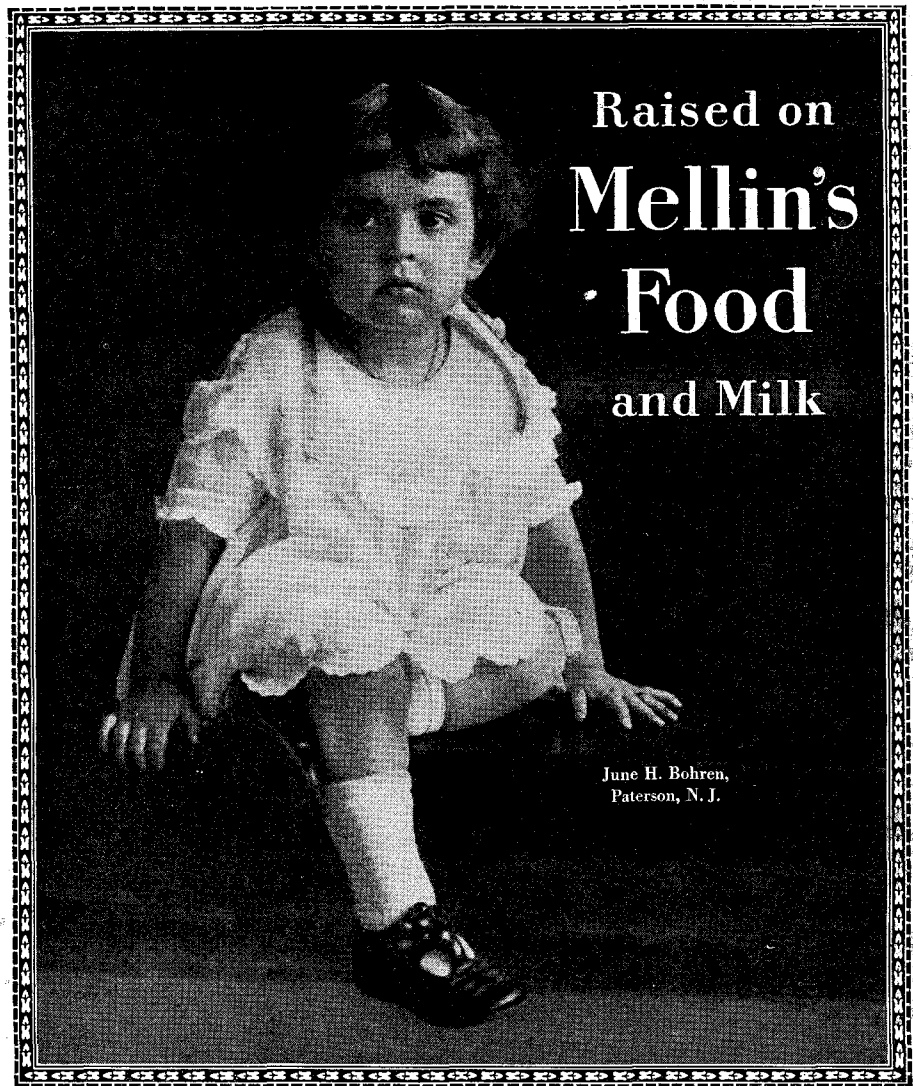
The following summer, through reading an appeal in The Outlook for financial aid for these little sufferers written by Laura Winnington of beloved memory, Theodore Roosevelt became interested, and with characteristic ardor ordered the Mayflower to proceed to the tiny tent colony on Coney Island. The story of that famous day and "Smiling Joe," who, though strapped to a board on his back, didn't want "to get dead and be an angel; I want to get off my board and play first," was wired all over the United States. Jacob Riis wrote the story for The Outlook, and magazines and newspapers carried the appeal in some five million pages of advertising to every corner of the country. Money poured in, and by the end of the summer the A. I. C. P. had raised \$250,000 to build a big permanent hospital. Land was given by the city and a permanent model hospital was erected directly on the ocean front at Neponsit Beach, on Coney Island, accommodating nearly 150 children.

In this connection it is interesting to know that salt-air treatment is a preventive as well as a relief for tubercular joint and bone disease. The Sea Breeze Home, now maintained at Arden Woods on Staten Island, a beautiful seashore tract of 65 acres, with one thousand feet of sea beach, will soon open its summer work, and all through July and August groups of 400 mothers and young children will revel in their two weeks of fresh air, freedom, and sea bathing. This fine work is supported entirely by voluntary contributions, and checks may be sent to George Blagden, 105 East 22d Street, New York City. * * *

WANTED—CARTOONS

THE OUTLOOK wishes to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspapers. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. Cartoons should be mailed flat, not rolled. We pay one dollar (\$1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost the dollar bills to which they were entitled because they have failed to give the information which we require.

THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK
381 Fourth Avenue, New York



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Food
and Milk**

June H. Bohren,
Paterson, N. J.



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3. OBAN TO INVERNESS via beautiful Loch Linnhe and Loch Eil, passing the scenes of the adventures of Alan Breck, the hero of Robert Louis Stevenson's famous novel "Kidnapped," viewing Glencoe, the scene of the great massacre, and calling at the ancient little town of Port William, sheltering pleasantly at the foot of Ben Nevis, Britain's highest mountain, through the famous Caledonian Canal, Loch Oich and Lochness, the land of Prince Charlie and his loyal Clansmen.

If these tours are not in your itinerary, your visit to Europe is wasted—tell your Travel Agent to include them, or apply direct to

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1924

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A few openings available for new guests.Le Chalet, Mt. Pisgah French School
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Educated French family will receive limited number of students. Best French spoken entirely. Wonderful situation. Circulars from Prof. Ruérat, Boothbay Harbor, Me., Box 47.YORKCAMPS LOON LAKE, MAINE.
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A vacation place providing complete rest and relaxation, a healthful outdoor life free from the restrictions of the usual vacation resort; plenty of amusement, good food, good books, congenial company and beautiful surroundings. A camp whose activities and atmosphere are such that the mature woman or girl of twenty-one is equally at home. Booklet upon request. Directors, Miss RUTH G. DAY, ANNA M. COLLINS.

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9 Mile Lake—600 ft. elevation, 45 miles from New York City
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Special rates for the summer months.

The management makes every effort to have guests regard this hotel as a real home while in New York.

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Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan \$4 per day and up. European plan \$1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager.

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Morris Co. Miss Cook's Home for Patients. Chirnic and acute cases. Graduate nurses. Terms reasonable. Garden, dairy, artesian water. 30 miles from New York City. Address **LYDIA LOUISE COOK, R. N.**

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On Casco Bay (near Portland), Maine

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Apply **A. J. CHARLWOOD,** care Weekapaug Inn, Weekapaug, Rhode Island

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This month a number of foremost business men are *thinking aloud* in the pages of **NATION'S BUSINESS**, the official monthly magazine of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce. It is truly a privilege to think *with* them on economic subjects. For 25c a sample copy, containing many of their articles, will be sent to you.

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WASHINGTON D. C.

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MANUSCRIPTS typewritten by expert. Proofreading. Accurate, careful work. Reasonable prices. 3,895, Outlook.

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FOR sale—A fully equipped girls' camp on a Vermont lake. Can be seen in operation July, August, 1923. Apply to Secretary, N. A. D. G. C., 52 Chauncey St., Boston, Mass.

A co-operative opportunity in a Vermont girls' camp is open to a woman of maturity, camping experience, and sound judgment and character who is in a position to secure campers. Apply to Secretary, N. A. D. G. C., 52 Chauncey St., Boston, Mass.

YOUNG woman, about to marry, wishes to sell prosperous gown business long established in exclusive section. Interesting to woman of refinement. 3,916, Outlook.

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COMPANION and attendant wanted for elderly lady, residence New York City, summer in mountains. Must be cheerful and bright, good reader and conversationalist; experience in nursing not essential. 3,896, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

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UNIVERSITY professor history and politics, extensive interests beyond specialties, trained speaker. Serviceable in many capacities. Available during summer. 3,898, Outlook.

UNDERGRADUATE nurse wishes position with tubercular or nervous patient. Good experience and references. 3,904, Outlook.

NURSE (male), open for engagement; go anywhere on any kind of long case; best references; can take mild mental case in my country home; reasonable. Address P. O. Box 221, Falmouth, Mass.

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COMPETENT typist wants manuscript or any other material to copy. 50 cents per thousand words. Reply 3,874, Outlook.

GENTLEMAN experienced in community organization, lecturer, speaking Spanish, office management, would like to communicate with company or organization needing such service. Address 3,902, Outlook.

WANTED, by young woman, position as secretary in girls' summer camp. Excellent references. 3,906, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

LADY, experienced traveler, accomplished musician, speaks French, knowledge German, desires position—companion to lady, or teacher piano and French in private family. References exchanged. 3,897, Outlook.

REFINED middle-aged woman would like position as companion for an elderly lady. Experienced. 3,899, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN, middle-aged, pleasant personality, some hospital training, adaptable, fond of outdoors; plain sewing, companion, housekeeper, any position of trust. References exchanged. Mrs. Eva Hyers, Toms River, N. J.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

COLLEGE graduate desires position for summer as waitress in resort hotel, tutor or traveling companion, or camp counselor. Address P. O. Box 76, West Chester, Pa.

REFINED, capable woman wishes position as useful companion. 3,913, Outlook.

CANADIAN, well educated, residing in Montreal, desires position of secretary-companion to American lady traveling in Canada or abroad. 3,914, Outlook.

WANTED, by experienced nurse, position with little baby or small children. References given. E. M. Chase, 28 Pain St., Wellesley Hills, Mass.

EDUCATIONAL missionary, on furlough, desires summer position as companion or as teacher to older children. Traveled widely. Lutheran. 3,915, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

COLLEGE man wishes to travel abroad as tutor-companion for expenses. Drives car. Edmund Leeds, Jr., 71 Brown St., Providence, R. I.

MALE teacher desires summer work. Will travel. 3,889, Outlook.

TUTOR wishes position beginning September. 3,885, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, college senior, as tutor or governess for month of August. French; outdoor sports. 3,893, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, experienced teacher, as tutor or governess. Month of August. 3,894, Outlook.

TEACHER, university graduate, desires position in summer camp or school, teaching public speaking. 3,900, Outlook.

PRINCETON GRADUATE, now law student, desires summer position as tutor or traveling companion. Experienced. Excellent references. 3,907, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, 25, teacher, desires position as counselor, tutor, governess, during summer. Will travel for expenses. 3,913, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, tutor, young highly trained kindergarten. June 15-July 31. Mountains, city, seashore. Write this week. Miss Betty Hogg, Mountain Lakes, N. J.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

OCTOBER. Englishwoman desires position tutor, chaperon, companion. Good musician (pianiste, teacher). English, French. Winter South or California. Excellent references. 3,919, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

SHOPPING made a pleasure by New York shopper offering services free. References. Miss Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

HOME school for children summer months. Berkshire foothills. Music, art, dancing, outdoor activity, tutoring. 3,309, Outlook.

WANTED—Young women to take 9 months' course in training for the care of chronic and convalescent invalids. Apply Superintendent, F. E. Parker Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

GENTLEWOMAN of education and experience will take entire charge of two girls in her home. Social and educational supervision. References exchanged. 3,901, Outlook.

ELDERLY PEOPLE—A limited number, with good social position and independent means, are uniting to establish a residential home club for comfortable living and mutual advantage in the advancing years. Credentials exacting. Correspondence invited. 3,903, Outlook.

GIRLS 6-10 years old for five weeks' vacation at camp near Paul Smith's in Adirondacks. Leave New York July 11. Director college graduate, practical nurse. 3,917, Outlook.

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY



WILLIAM ADGER MOFFETT, Rear-Admiral U. S. N. and Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, was graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1890. He was promoted through the various grades to that of captain in 1916. He served under Admiral Dewey at the cap-

ture of Manila, and also saw service at Vera Cruz and at Tampico, Mexico; for four years he was Commandant at the United States Naval Training Station at Great Lakes, Illinois. He has been awarded the Medal of Honor for his brave conduct in the battle of Vera Cruz and the D. S. M. for "exceptionally meritorious service" in the World War.

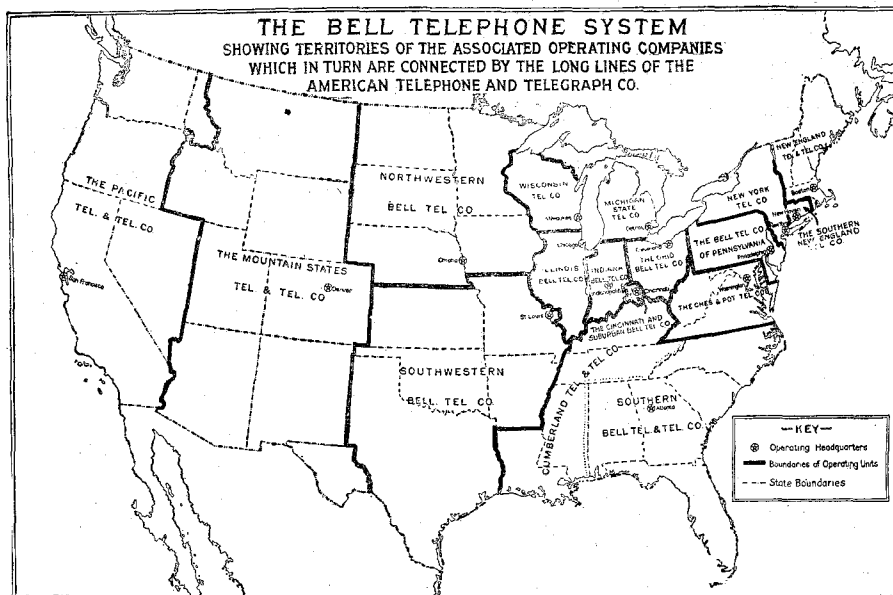
ELIZABETH WASHBURNE WRIGHT contributes to this issue, under the title "Some Points in the Turkish Situation," a keen analysis of the problem now confronting Turkey. Mrs. Wright is well known as a writer and as an authority on the opium traffic. Her studies of the Far East have appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly," "Harper's Magazine," "Scribner's Magazine," etc.

LADD PLUMLEY has been giving most of his time to authorship for many years. His stories have been published in The Outlook and in other periodicals, such as "Scribner's Magazine," "Country Life," and "Youth's Companion." He is a constant contributor to outdoor journals and is fishing editor of "Field and Stream."

IDA DONGES STAUDT is the author of "Der Tag" in Germany," which was published in The Outlook of February 7. She has been living in Leipsic, Germany, for about seven months, but is now, we believe, again in this country. Previous to her sojourn in Germany she was in Beirut, Syria, where her husband was a teacher in the American University.



ARNOLD MULDER is a Michigan novelist and newspaper man, a graduate of the University of Chicago. He is an editor of the Holland daily "Sentinel" and of "Michigan Out-of-Doors." He is the author of four volumes of fiction.



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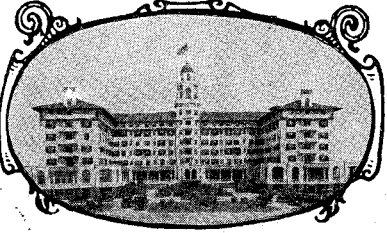
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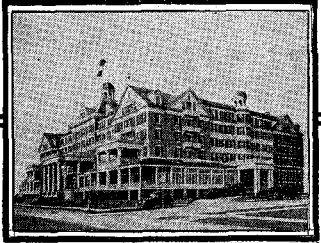
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A beautiful hotel perfectly appointed, where the comfort and pleasure of guests are constantly considered. Every guest room connects with private bath. Accommodations for 450. Sea Bathing. Electric Baths. Booklet. For reservations, write or wire

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Spring Lake Beach
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A Resort Hotel of Distinctive Superiority
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Two Exceptional 18-Hole Golf Courses
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C. S. KROM, Manager.
On "The New Jersey Tour,
A Road of Never-Ending Delight."

BY THE WAY

OUTSIDE Madison Square Garden, in New York City, says an article in the "Scientific American," a thousand automobiles were parked on the night of a great boxing match this spring. They were guarded, some of them, by chauffeurs, while others were supposed to be under the surveillance of policemen who passed up and down the streets where the long, close-packed lines of cars lay waiting for their owners. Yet when the fight was over, forty-five automobiles had been stolen—under the noses of scores of watchers in the bright center of our greatest city. About twenty-five cars are said to be stolen daily in New York. Half of these are eventually recovered by the police. The rest never come back. Other cities have similar records, and altogether it is estimated that \$35,000,000 worth of cars are stolen every year in the United States.

Ingenuous types of thief foilers have been invented to remedy the situation described in the above paragraph. Locks of all kinds come first. But well-prepared thieves laugh at locks. They tow away your car behind another machine, perhaps. Or where the wheels are locked, they bring a repair car, derrick the locked machine into a truck, and make their getaway. Some one invented a siren to go under the driver's seat. When the thief gets into the seat, the siren goes off and keeps up a fierce squawking. Another device starts a strong warning light when the wrong man gets in. These things certainly do discourage the automobile thief, for it is said that 75 per cent of the cars stolen have no protective device.

Another idea for keeping meddlers away from cars was devised by an enterprising Washington (D. C.) man during the great Shriners' Convention. He parked his car, then hung this sign on it: "Out of Order; Owner Gone for Tools." Unfortunately, in this case the car was parked in a forbidden space, and a policeman climbed into it. When the owner appeared without any tools, he was haled to a police station and later fined.

"All fish stories are not lies, but I am discredited whenever I tell this one," writes Dr. H. Clay Evenson, of La Crosse, Wisconsin. "When we came in one day from duck hunting near the Black River, we saw a bunch of pickerel in a washtub. The men who had caught them stood by 'all swelled up' over their catch. One very large pickerel in the bunch was equally swelled up—in fact, its stomach stuck out at the sides and looked very peculiar. One of us took out his knife and said, 'Let me cut this fellow

open and see what's the matter with him.' He did so, and found the large ringbone and the prongs from a large beefsteak in him. No one could figure out how this fish got that bone in its stomach. Finally the bridge-tender came up and said, 'If you could see the chef from the coast train on the C., and Q. throw his pail of garbage in the Black River every noon, you would know how the pickerel get their bones.' But seldom will any one believe this story. I hope you are one of the ones."

One of "Judge's" prize stories:

"Three freshmen at college were discussing the incomes of the fathers. One said: 'My father writes a song in an evening and takes downtown the next morning and sells it for \$25.'

"The next countered: 'My father writes a story in an evening and takes it downtown the next morning and sells it for \$50.'

"That's nothing," declared the third. 'My father gets up in a pulp on Sunday and talks for half an hour and it takes twelve men to carry the money up to him.'"

Rough handling of freight cars, according to an article in the "Railway Age," results in a loss to the railway of the country of more than eight million dollars a year. Nearly all of this damage comes from the careless switching of cars in freight yards. It seems incredible that experienced men should so mishandle the property entrusted to them, but almost every traveler has from time to time experienced a severe bumping and jolting while his "sleeper" has been switched at night and will be prepared to believe that a freight car gets even severer treatment than a Pullman. Some railways are making a drive to persuade employees to use gentler treatment in dealing with freight cars.

A sign in a section of Brooklyn inhabited by colored people reads: "Hair and Scalp Treatment—Madam Walker's Method." To the initiated this means a method for making kinky hair straight. In another district is this sign: "Bobbed Hair Permanently Waved—\$18." This means that white girls can have kinks put into their straight hair if they pay the price.

From the Personal column of the London "Times:"

Home of the Poet Horace, S. Antonio, Tivoli, to be Let, Furnished, from June 1st. Bathrooms, Electric light. Apply —, etc.

Baedeker thus comments on this house, under Tivoli (the ancient Tibur): "A 'Villa of Horace,' although the poet never had one at Tibur, is pointed out by the guides."